FUNNYWORLD 11

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ILLUSTRATIONS: The front cover is by JOHN FAWCETT; the back cover is by JIM JONES. The contents page illustration is by Charles Crumb (a drawing done by Robert Crumb's brother around 1962, and passed on to me by John Benson). The drawing on Page 7 is a self-portrait by Robert Crumb; the drawing on Page 11 is by Ken Fletcher.

THE FUNNIEST ANIMAL

Hopefully, I'll be in California late this spring, on vacation. Plans are to tape some interviews with various comics and cartoon people. If I'm successful in that, you'll see the results in forthcoming issues of FUNNYWORLD. If I'm not successful, you may hear nothing at all about it.

If there's anyone who doesn't know, and cares, I make my living as an Assistant Attorney General for the State of Arkansas. During an office bull session, I learned that a few years ago Chester Gould wrote a previous Attorney General to ask for material that he could include in the "Crimestoppers Textbook" that accompanies the "Dick Tracy" Sunday page. Presumably, he made the same request of other law enforcement and legal officials around the country. His letter never reached the Attorney General; a couple of Assistants got hold of it and sent this suggestion to Gould: "When trying to learn whether a male has been in a female's apartment, check to see if the toilet seat is up." Somehow, I can't recall seeing that in our local paper.

Ed Pippin has pointed out something that I missed--that James Michener, in the article excerpted last issue, clearly had MIGHTY Mouse in mind, not MICKEY Mouse, even though he refers throughout to Mickey. Which makes Michener's comments seem even more stupid.

The St. Louiscon (the 27th World Science Fiction Convention) will be held over the Labor Day weekend, August 28 through September 1, at the Chase-Park Plaza Hotel in St. Louis. Membership are four dollars attending, three dollars supporting; supporting memberships may be changed to attending by paying an additional dollar at the door. Checks should be made payable to St. Louiscon, P. O. Box 3008, St. Louis, Missouri 63130. Robert Schoenfeld, the publisher of GOSH WOW, is in charge of the comics aspects of the convention. The St. Louiscon should have a great deal to offer comics fans as well as science-fiction fans; I'll probably be there, if that's any incentive.

CRUMBS

My review in the last issue of Robert Crumb's "The Adventures of Fritz" was titled " Crumb-bum." What has been happening the last few months might be called the Crumb Boom. Crumb has been attracting a lot of attention. PARADE magazine, EYE, THE NATIONAL INSIDER...TIME and LIFE can't be far away.

First things first. In FW No. 10, I mentioned that a new Crumb book was due this spring (May, at last report), but I didn't know what would be in it. I've since learned that it is to contain three Fritz stories: The CAVALIER story, a previously unpublished story about Fritz as a secret agent in Red China, and a new Fritz story, the first Crumb has drawn in more than three years. Whether that last will actually be in the book is open to doubt; in an interview with ROLLING STONE, Crumb seemed apathetic about doing the story. It should be interesting, if it ever does see print.

The ROLLING STONE interview, by Thomas Albright, is in the March 1 issue, and it's pretty good, with lots of quotes from Crumb and details about his career. Happily for me, it dovetails nicely with most of my review, so I'm not faced with making a lot of corrections. There are some minor discrepancies, though; for example, Albright says that Crumb didn't start work for American Greetings until he was a year out of high school. And ZAP No. 1 was published in March 1968, not the late fall of 1967. The biggest conflict is in Albright's and my accounts of who influenced Crumb's style. Albright quotes Crumb as crediting Jules Feiffer, Chester Gould, Harold Gray, Elzie Segar and Harvey Kurtzman as major influences; by contrast, I credited Carl Barks, Walt Kelly and John Stanley, and expressly discounted Kurtzman's influence. (To confuse matters further, Roger Brand is quoted in a CAVALIER article as seeing much of Segar and Billy DeBeck in Crumb's work, but mostly Basil Wolverton--another artist who I said didn't have much of an impact on Crumb's style.) Albright has the edge here, I suppose, since he's talked with Crumb personally. I've had to rely mainly on sources other than Crumb himself, although no one--including Crumb--has yet contradicted anything in "Crumb-bum." I'm a bit suspicious of Thomas Albright, though, since he obviously is ignorant of vast stretches of comics history, especially comic-book history. In an article on comics in the September 14 ROLLING STONE, he confuses Felix the Cat and Krazy Kat, and otherwise shows that he doesn't much know what he's talking about. Some of what he has Crumb saying in the March 1 issue sounds something like what Albright himself was saying a few months before. I doubt that Thomas Albright has ever heard of Carl Barks or John Stanley, which may be why ROLLING STONE's readers heard nothing about them in Albright's Crumb interview.

More trustworthy is Robert Abel's article in the April CAVALIER, which is short on information about Crumb and quotations from him, but otherwise covers the underground comics (Abel calls them "comix,: but I must decline to follow his example. Yicch.) with admirable thoroughness, and lots of illustrations (although none of the really gamey strips are reproduced). There's even extensive mention of such fan magazines as GRAPHIC STORY MAGAZINE and STAR STUDDED COMICS, and, as sidebars, letters from Jay Lynch and Don Schenker on the geneses of BIJOU FUNNIES and YELLOW DOG, respectively. Abel says that Vaughn Bode "impresses this writer as probably the only true genius in the field," an evaluation I find impossible to accept. Bode can draw better than any of the other underground artists, but there's more of self-indulgence than genius about his work, especially in his "dis-da" dialogue, his text-heavy strips, and his multitude of little worlds, all of them meticulously worked out and none of them very interesting. Few if any of Bode's characters have distinguishable personalities, and that's a fatal defect. If any underground cartoonists can claim the "genius" label, they're Crumb and--maybe--George Metzger and Rick Griffin. But it's too early to start applying such labels.

There's another quotation in Abel's article that deserves mention, one of the few from Robert Crumb: "If taboos were broken by SNATCH COMICS--groovy! Then we can move on to something else." It's time, it's time.

Which brings us to the small irony in all this (although it's a common irony so far as American artists and entertainers are concerned). Crumb has been attracting more and more attention just at the time when his work has grown less and less interesting. Everything I said last issue about Crumb's tiresome emphasis on bedrooms and bathrooms still goes. As Crumb tells it, life is what happens in bed or on a toilet seat. Now, there's some truth to that, all right, but even Great Truth start showing a little wear when they-'re constantly repeated. It's kind of refreshing for a cartoonist to stand up and say out loud that things do happen in bathrooms and bedrooms besides bathing and sleeping (when was the last time you saw a toilet in a comic-book bathroom? When was the last time you saw a comic-book bathroom?), but if that's all he's got to say then let him say it and sit down. Lately, that's all Crumb has had to say (and that's what he'll keep on saying as long as people like me complain about it, probably, but the hell with him).

I'm beginning to wonder if Crumb perhaps isn't a little naive about what he's doing, and especially about what some of his compatriots are doing. In ROLLING STONE, Crumb says this about SNATCH COMICS: "This isn't regular pornography. It comes at it from another angle. It's a satire on itself, it makes fun of pornography." Most of Crumb's contributions to SNATCH aren't regular

pornography, but not because they're satires or even parodies. (And they're certainly not obscene by any reasonable definition; offensive, maybe, but not obscene. As Don Thompson has pointed out, and I failed to do, there's nothing at all stimulating about SNATCH. The kind of person who feels a stirring in the groin from reading it might just as well be turned on by a crate of avocadoes.) Crumb's message in SNATCH is plain and unshaded: Sex is fun, and sex is funny. It's the novelty of that assertion that gives SNATCH its impact. The message of real pornography, most of it, is that sex isn't fun, but is dreadfully painful and frightening. Sex for most faithful readers of pornography is a cross they must bear. That's why they read pronography in the first place, to escape into a fantasy world where sexual satisfaction comes easily and without any need to give of yourself. Good pornography, what there is of it, stimulates without pandering to its readers' neuroses. Crumb's contributions to SNATCH, if they were satires or even parodies, would in some way mock the characteristics of real pornography...but they don't, for the most part. There are some exceptions, these dealing with "kinky" sex of the bondage-and-high-heels sort, but even these are just mild parodies; there's none of the anger and contempt you find in satire. Crumb is simply too tolerant and good-natured--at least in his cartoons--to qualify as a satirist.

There are people besides Crumb whose work has appeared in the first two issues of SNATCH, and their message is a lot different. One is S. (for Steve) Clay Wilson, whose work I discussed last issue, and who sure as hell hasn't improved any since then. Crumb's comments on Wilson in ROLLING STONE are interesting: "Meeting Wilson really changed my attitude; he's really had a big effect on me. I used to censor myself; I thought I had to. Wilson sort of showed me the folly of that. He doesn't censor himself at all. Wilson is probably the one most responsible for this big sex revolution in comics." But there's no great virtue in not censoring yourself; it's what you don't censor that is important. Steve Wilson may write and draw his comic strips with perfect freedom, just as Crumb does, but that doesn't mean that his strips aren't as vile and contemptible as many "censored" strips...they're just that. Wilson's work has far more to do with real pornography than does Crumb's, since it reflects the fear and disgust felt by pornography's readers. But it's by no means a parody. Crumb's work, although he may produce it with as much as freedom as Wilson does his, is basically sunny and tolerant. Life in Crumb's strips isn't dirty and nasty, or at least it's a lot more than that.

Crumb's myopia in regard to Wilson seems to have been carried even further with another artist, one Rory Hayes, whose work takes up part of the second issue of SNATCH. I have yet to see

this issue (if a copy was sent to me, the Post Office got to it first), but Don Thompson, in NEWFANGLES, says Hayes "either is 11 or draws and thinks like a pre-pubescent despite his chronological age." I gather that Crumb is catching more hell about Hayes than he's caught about Wilson, so maybe he'll finally start noticing that he and these two artists are in entirely different bags. But I doubt it.

There's a lot more that could be said about Crumb and the other underground cartoonists, but I grow weary.

The dust jacket of the hard-cover edition of R. CRUMB'S HEAD COMIX refers to articles about Crumb in the WALL STREET JOURNAL and London TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT. Has anyone seen these articles, and can anyone supply me with copies or photocopies of them? Ditto for an article on Crumb that I understand appeared in NEW YORK magazine sometime last year.

A December 15 NATIONAL INSIDER article thunderously denounced Crumb and the other unerground artists, and reproduced a Crumb page called "All Asshole Comics"; this page appeared in the Chicago SEED, Vol. 3, No. 1. Back issues of the SEED aren't available, unfortunately.

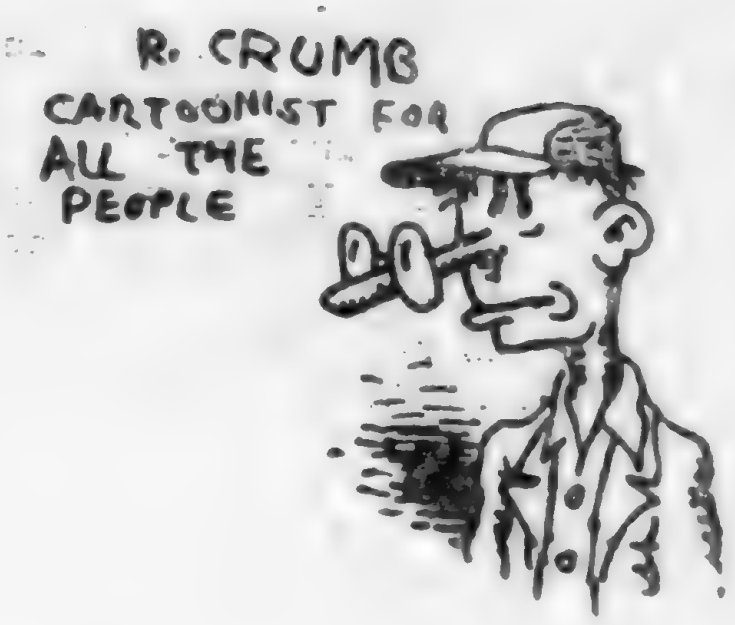
I've heard that the INSIDER did a turnabout and in a later article hailed Crumb as "king of the underground comics." Anybody have a copy?

FOR THE CRUMB COLLECTOR: All four issues of ZAP COMICS are now in print, and available from The Print Mint, 830 Folger, Berkeley, California 94710. Nos. 0 and 1 are 35 cents each; Nos. 2 and 3 are 50 cents each. Add 15 cents for postage and handling for each comic ordered. Also available from The Print Mint, at 25 cents each, plus 15 cents each for postage: The seven issues of YELLOW DOG.

Crumb's work is appearing in GOTHIC BLIMP WORKS LTD. PRESENTS, a supposedly monthly comics paper; subscriptions are three dollars a year. As of April, only the first issue had appeared. Contributors include Crumb (with a color cover and centerspread), Jay Lynch, Joel Beck, Kim Deitch, George Metzger, Spain Rodriguez, Art Spiegelman, John Thompson, Roger Brand and S. Clay Wilson. Almost everybody, that is. Address: 116 St. Marks Place, New York, New York 10009.

A paper you should avoid, if you were planning to subscribe just for Crumb, is THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER, which has had precious little Crumb since the first of the year, and all or most of that taken from notebook sketches. Some of the EVO's other strips are inter-

esting, but maybe not six bucks a year's worth.



I've received some good letters about Crumb in recent months; following are some samples:

From MARTY PAHLS: Robert dropped Fritz because he got involved in a passel of new characters, techniques and formats around the end of 1965. I remember him in Chicago about November of that year. We went out one Saturday and found a store that had a huge pile of old junky comics from the '40s and early '50s--the real nowhere crud, you know. Mostly animal comics, but there were a few crime and stuff in there. Robert really flipped out over this stuff. It was done in a hurry by a bunch of careless, cynical hacks, and as such is closer to the mainstream of what we're living in (is dis a system?) than comics by good artists, such as Barks or the man who did Lulu.

Shortly thereafter, his stuff started to show the influence of these books, as well as the more obvious influence of psychedelia and of the hippies he fell in with when he moved to S.F.

From JAY KINNEY: A few odd comments on "Crumb-bum" (a beautiful title which Robert no doubt cherishes...).

From what contact I've had with Crumb personally and with his work it appears that most (indeed, perhaps all) of his recent stuff is off the top of his head and very stream-of-consciousness. His two-page O-SO-KLEEN COMICS, which he did for me for NOPE while I looked on rather helplessly, was so named because the top of the master has HEYER 1460 O - SO - KLEEN across the top. Also, he does not seem to be of the habit of really planning out stories or strips beforehand; though he may do this mentally--I just dunno. Rather he works from panel to panel and the way his mood is at the moment or an odd occurence at the time can influence the panel-to-panel direction.

As for the "sloppiness" of some of his Fritz CAVALIER stuff that you reviewed--these were taken, if I'm not mistaken, right out of his notebooks. And none of the work I saw in one of his notebooks (or sketchbooks, rather) was penciled in at all first. He drew them straight down with his Rapidograph. That the Fritz strips were as well drawn as they were says something for his incredible mind-to-paper control. He <u>did</u> pencil in for NEATO-KEENO,

though, as I recall.

As for his wasting his talent on his current "smut," this seems to be all very relative. I am sure that there are art critics around who think that Walt Kelly wastes his talent doing comic strips. See? You think that comics aren't a waste of talent. And I am sure that there are people who think that SNATCH is not a waste of talent. I think that it is not major work to be sure, but that it is not really a waste. I enjoy SNATCH, hence it is not a waste. SNATCH, though, I think, exists more as a satire on hard-core porno than as an attempt at it. It also exists as a release for Crumb, a sublimation if you will. So be it. Who knows, perhaps Robert will work out his sex life to great satisfaction next week and will then turn to drawing totally different things. But Crumb is Crumb and he isn't going to stop doing SNATCH because he is told that it is a waste. He may do it all the more, in that case. Ah...who knows. Certainly not me.

An interesting sidelight...I read a letter from Crumb which the beautiful Jane Lynch showed me in which he said rather mischievously that a large part of his and Charles' lives have been saaped by the fact that their mother was always trying to give them enemas when they were young. Crumb is the BIG LITTLE BOY.

One of my friends here in Berea is into yoga, and particularly in with the Himalayan Academy, which is centered in Nevada. There are students of yoga all over the country. Anyhow, it seems that Crumb used to friends with a lot of heads, etc., here in Cleveland when he lived here (in fact, quite a bit of his art goes back to Cleveland, as you well know, e.g.,Fritz). Later on, when Crumb and these friends of his had all moved to San Francisco, a lot of these cats got down on drugs or something and took up with yoga...particularly of this Himalayan Academy...run by a guru by the name of Master Subramuniya. So, apparently, this pissed Crumb off, for he felt that all his friends were getting taken by this capitalistic guru type. So, Mr. Natural is his satire of Subramuniya. And ya know, it all fits. Especially, for example, the Mr. Natural strip in ZAP No. 2...with the $38.50 due from Flakey Foont, etc. (The "Holy Ned" in that strip is a West Coast scientologist.)

As for your remark at the end of your article that "but so long as he[Mr. Natural]'s around there's hope for better things ..." Hmmm. Seems that as long as Mr. Natural is around Crumb is still pissed at yoga and guru-types and such. Crumb is sold on acid, etc., as the Way...rather than this yoga stuff. Is that hope? In a way, I suppose...

From JOHN BENSON: The Peace Eye bookstore had an exhibit of Crumb stuff (also some of the other underground artists). The prices were outrageous, from $75 to $275. They had many selections from Crumb's "forbidden New York notebooks," great little non-story sketches and doodles, most of them obscene. The originals of the

strips are gorgeous, done about the same size as they appear in the EVO, on a kind of stiff graph paper. There wasn't a single correction or redrawing on any of them, also no trace of penciling, tho I assume he did pencil them. This was in contrast to everything else in the exhibit, which was all heavily reworked.

By the way, they didn't just cut out "niggers" in "Life Among the Constipated" up at Viking, they also cut out "Schwartz." I think that's even stranger. Is "Rosemary Schwartz blows" really so much more offensive than "Rosemary blows"? Come to think of it, they were probably trying to avoid lawsuits from Rosemary Schwartzes.

From RICHARD KYLE: The Crumb review is excellent, and extremely informative. I'm not at all sure his "smut" is a dead end. There should be no human function that cannot be portrayed in any medium of the arts, when the circumstances call for it--that is, when the artist feels the instinctive need to introduce it. First the "detailed physical description," tomorrow the world.

From MATT ROSENBLATT: Perhaps R. Crumb thinks he can get away with his stereotypes of black people because he has been to Harlem and is not a white liberal but a white radical. The argument that black people resemble the picture of them that most white people carry, if that is Crumb's argument, is not to the point, in my opinion. It cannot explain his physical caricatures, reminiscent of the worst in CAPTAIN BILLY'S WHIZ-BANG of the '30s. For one thing, no white person really thinks dark people look like that, not even Tony Imperiale or Orval Faubus or Calvin Craig. For another, even if white folk did, and tried to force black people to look like that, they could not do it, because no one looks like that. With respect to mannerisms, dress, and habits, the argument may hold some water--but not with respect to looks. So if Crumb is saying, "I am not a racist, so do not get angry when I draw and write like one, because I am making fun of the racists, not of you," the militants might believe him (and I believe him, because New York City publishing houses like Viking Press are reluctant these days to print the work of "foaming racists"), but those ordinary people, dark and white, who are not racists either are not going to believe him, or are going to believe him but get sore at him anyway for drawing like a racist. And there are far more of these people than just the old-line liberals.

From DAVE ESTRADA: "...Crumb's smut is relaxed and funny, but it's still smut, and so a dead end for a talent as great as his." I consider this to be an adequate and very accurate summation of Crumb. However, the line between his present work (which I seem to remember your describing somewhere as "one big armpit") and the work of his that you think so much of ("Fritz," for example) is a tenuous one. I think that his present work is a logical

outgrowth from his earlier strips, including "Fritz," and I'm afraid it's going to get worse before it improves (if it does at all). Right now the only direction I can see in Crumb's work (or in the work of most of the underground cartoonists--excepting Metzger) is toward "getting away with as much as possible." Crumb does have an immense amount of talent. I wish he would use it to produce something more worthwhile than relaxed and funny smut.

Enough on Crumb for this issue.

You'll notice that the "Animated Cartoons" column, which has been a part of FW since the fifth issue, two years ago, is no longer with us. I've decided FW is no place for a news column of any sort, because of the magazine's irregular schedule. Too many interesting pieces of news wilt in my hands before I can get them into print. So, from now on, all the news items I receive will go to Don and Maggie Thompson for publication in their fine monthly newsletter, NEWFANGLES. The Thompsons can get the news to you faster than I can, and NF is full of fascinating information about things other than animated cartoons, i.e., comic books, comic strips, and comics people. The price is a dollar for ten issues; the address is 8786 Hendricks Road, Mentor, Ohio 44060. The Thompsons have also published a LISTING OF DELL SPECIAL SERIES COMIC BOOKS (AND A FEW OTHERS). This booklet lists all the Dell Four Color Comic Books and related series, and goes for $1.10 (the extra dime will bring you a list of corrections in due time). The Thompsons' COMIC ART No. 7 is now sold out, but you can order the eighth issue for 50 cents.

Even though there'll be no more animation news as such in FW, there are a few animation bits and pieces that I need to clear away... In my review of Walt Disney's "The Jungle Book" in FW No. 9, I commented on the skimpy animation of the elephant pileup. The cost cutting went even further than that, I've learned; the animation for that scene was lifted directly from "Goliath II," a Disney short about elephants made several years before "Jungle Book." Incredible. Also, two corrections to the animation news column in FW No. 10: "Fun and Fancy Free" was not a "musical anthology" like "Melody Time" and "Make Mine Music"--it contained only two stories, "Bongo" and "Mickey and the Beanstalk." "The Jungle Book" was not "more modestly financed" than "The Happiest Millionaire"--their cost was about the same $4 million. However, I don't think there's any question but that the cartoon was more modestly publicized.

Last issue, I said I'd take paid advertising in FW...but no advertisers have come forward, and I've changed my mind. So, no ads.

THE MERRIEST OF MELODIES

I've renewed some friendships all winter and spring, and made many more, all with Warner and MGM cartoons made before 1948. I saw many of these old cartoons on TV years ago, in Chicago and Fayetteville, but then I wasn't especially alert to credits or subtleties in animation or much of anything else. I simply watched the cartoons to enjoy them, which is surely the way they should be watched the first time around. But later on, I began to wish that I'd taken notes on plots and credits and such, since information on cartoons is woefully hard to come by, especially in a place like Little Rock. For almost three years now, we've had an afternoon kiddie show, hosted by "Bozo the Clown" in one of his many incarnations, and it showed old Warner cartoons, but usually only one or two in an hour and a half that was otherwise stuffed with commercials, talks with kids and a jumbled assortment of cruddy old Paramount cartoons and made-for-TV junk like the Marvel super-hero cartoons. Then, late last year, came two happy developments: (1) The show dropped the Marvel cartoons and started running MGM cartoons instead, as well as more Warner cartoons; (2) I discovered that the cartoons shown in the afternoon were shown again the next morning in an hour-long show, with Bozo and his peanut gallery mercifully absent. Somehow, getting up in

the morning has been a lot easier lately. A Tex Avery or Bob Clampett cartoon with breakfast is at least as refreshing as a glass of V-8.

As a result of all this TV watching, my knowledge of Warner and MGM cartoons has expanded with gratifying speed; gratifying, that is, except when I realize how little I knew about them to begin with. It's fascinating to watch the evolution of both studios from the sickly Disney imitations of the mid-'30s to the glorious cartoons of the early and mid-'40s. The early '40s were surely the Golden Age of the short cartoon, when Avery at MGM and Clampett, Freleng, Tashlin, Davis and Jones at Warner had the resources to match their imaginations. To have been an animator then must make it difficult to be an animator now; the contrast is so great as to be heartbreaking. It's a wonder that a director like Chuck Jones can still produce a cartoon so pleasing as "How the Grinch Stole Christmas." But even Jones turned out a string of clinkers in his Tom and Jerry cartoons, and as for what some of the other great directors have done...it's probably better left unsaid. Perhaps saddest of all is that some animators have made the transition to short-cut animation without any visible pain. Sad, but not surprising, if you'll look at the Hanna-Barbera Tom and Jerry cartoons carefully. In most of the Warner slapstick cartoons, and in all of the best ones, the "hurt" is not the point --what happens before and after the "hurt" is what really matters. Wile E. Coyote's anticipation of impending doom, or his unwitting contribution to it, is what we laugh at most, not the rock's faling on him or the dynamite's exploding. In the old H-B cartoons, though, the "hurt" often <u>is</u> the gag; it's not the hook on which the real humor is hung. And the "hurts" hurt more in a Hanna-Barbera cartoon, too; while Porky Pig might yelp with pain, Tom Cat screams. The "hurt" can be most easily preserved when full animation is abandoned, whereas the more subtle gags of the Warner type suffer badly. As a result, the Hanna-Barbera TV cartoons, and their late Tom and Jerrys, aren't much different in spirit from their earlier cartoons. The Warner cartoons are another matter; watching the Warners from the early '60s, just before the long night fell, is like watching a beloved old friend slowing and stiffening under a crippling arthritis attack.

There are all sorts of ironies to be found in the current status of the old Warner and MGM cartoons, ironies enough for a Chuck Jones. The public's interest in animation--or in what passes for animation--has been goosed by "Yellow Submarine," but as has happened since the days of UPA, the new cartoons are seen as the conquerors of the old cartoons, not just as their successors. There's an urge to grind Bugs Bunny and Donald Duck into the dust, not merely to do something that doesn't much resemble Bugs Bunny or Donald Duck. Cartoon-makers like Jimmy Murakami and Fred Wolf are

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FW INTERVIEW:

MICKEY MOUSE

In a country in which entertainers endure first overexposure and then oblivion, the career of Mickey Mouse stands out as an anomaly. As with only a handful of other performers--his contemporary Bing Crosby comes first to mind --Mouse's name and face have always remained familiar to the public, even when he was relatively inactive. Shepherded closely by his late mentor Walt Disney (whose shrewdness has been matched perhaps only by Colonel Parker's in guiding Elvis Presley), Mouse's career has progressed from starring roles in films to equally great success as an actor in comics-page dramas. Now, when advancing years (he marked his 40th anniversary in films last fall; his actual age has never been revealed) have all but forced him out of the adventure roles in which he excelled for so long, he is still before the public as the host and virtual symbol of the Disneyland amusement park.

FUNNYWORLD's John Benson interviewed Mouse last September ata New York hotel; Mouse was visiting the city on a sentimental journey to the site of the Colony Theater, where his "Steamboat Willie"--the first cartoon with a synchronized soundtrack--had its world premiere on September 19, 1928. Mouse rarely grants personal interviews, but he felt that this special occasion called for a little celebration. Benson told FUNNYWORLD: "Looking at Mickey Mouse today, when is more than middle-aged, when the gray hair around his ears has been carefully dyed, when the athletic body that served him so well against Pegleg Pete has run to fat, it is a little difficult to remember the Mouse whom E. M. Forster described as 'never sentimental, indeed there is a scandalous element in him which I find most restful.' Forster went on, 'Mickey's great moments are moments of heroism...'

There is little heroic about the Mickey Mouse of today, even though to see him in the flesh is not so damaging to childhood memories as it is to see, say, Gene Autry. And the Mickey Mouse of 1968 is nothing if not sentimental when he speaks of the days when he and Walt Disney sat in the rear rows of the Colony Theater, listening to laughter that was soon to make 'Walt Disney' and 'Mickey Mouse' names known around the world.

"I was somewhat surprised to find a liberal tinge to some of Mickey's statements. Off the record, he told me that he intended to vote for Humphrey and that he was a staunch Democrat. It's probably true that most performers are more liberal than conservative, but one would tend to think of Mickey Mouse as an exception, what with his being long associated with law enforcement roles, having played an active part in the propaganda machine during the war, etc. Since Mouse's famous appearance on the 'Tonight' show, in which he discussed his political views vehemently and at length, I can reveal what he told me about his politics without violating a confidence."

Interviewing famous figures in the comics/animation field is not a strange experience for Benson; he has published definitive interviews with Harvey Kurtzman and Bernard Krigstein, and an interview with Gil Kane is to be published in the tenth issue of ALTER EGO, allegedly a comics fan magazine.

FUNNYWORLD: Mr. Mouse, it's been said that Walt Disney was somewhat paternalistic, that he looked upon those who worked for him as his family.

MOUSE: Walt CARED about the people who worked for him, if that's what you mean. I've worked with Walt all of my professional life; everything I've done is in some measure due to Walt. I have much to thank him for, and I'm sure that Donald or anyone else would give you the same story.

I don't know if you remember Oswald Rabbit, but he decided, and this was before the studio was really big, but he was working for Walt about the time I was starting out, and he decided to quit and go over to Walter Lantz, you may remember that. Now where is Oswald Rabbit today? There's a new generation that's never even heard of him.

So I consider myself very lucky to be with Walt...and even proud, to be associated with him.

FUNNYWORLD: There's always been talk about the rivalry between you and Donald Duck. How do you actually feel about Donald?

MOUSE: Donald's a hell of a nice guy. You know, all this busi-

ness about his short temper, "Wak!" and all that, that's just his page character. In private life, and I don't know if the general public is really aware of this, but Donald is really the most gentle and considerate person I know. In fact, I think he feels doubly obligated to show his mild side in private because of this public image that he's built up over the years. Don't misunderstand me, I like the short-tempered character that he plays...he's one of the real professionals; I admire his work very much.

Although his page work is far superior to the screen. But that only bears out the industry adage, that the Disney people are best on the comic page, while the folks at Warners are second to none when it comes to a screen performance. Of course, in his page work, Donald has had his lead writer almost from the start, and this has certainly done a great deal towards unifying his material. Although the result is...now that Donald has to use other writers, his work has really suffered, I think. Right now, it's really sad...he's so much better than the material they're giving him.

FUNNYWORLD: But the Duck-Mouse rivalry is really a myth?

MOUSE: Absolutely.

FUNNYWORLD: How about the times that you worked together?

MOUSE: Well, that's happened only rarely. I remember that he had a part in THE HOUSE OF SEVEN HAUNTS (which was really my vehicle), but that was a minor effort. But we worked well together, as I recall.

FUNNYWORLD: I understand that you're a close friend of Bugs Bunny.

MOUSE: Bugs is without a doubt one of the funniest...and the finest...guys in Hollywood OR on the printed page. I actually...I really don't see many of the Warner crowd--maybe I'll talk to Elmer Fudd from time to time, or see Porky at a party. But one of the great pleasures of my life has been my long personal friendship with Bugs. Don't get me started on my Bugs stories...I could tell them all night. He can break me up anywhere, any time; whenever we get together he sees to it that I'm rolling helpless on the floor...he can keep up this continuous...you haven't really heard him till you hear him off the cuff--there's a guy who doesn't NEED writers. Even in his simple page stories, there's always at least one good wisecrack. And I know his films by heart. Do you know the one where Yosemite Sam tries to get Bugs to do a high-diving act? He's just great, that's all.

FUNNYWORLD: Do you think that the fact that he has been doing commercials reflects a downward trend in his career?

MOUSE: Not at all. A lot of us are doing commercials now. No, Bugs' humor is timeless; he'll always be popular, I think. In fact, he's gaining new fans every day now that his old films are being shown on television.

FUNNYWORLD: May I ask a few controversial questions?

MOUSE: Go right ahead.

FUNNYWORLD: Why do you always wear gloves?

MOUSE: Next question.

FUNNYWORLD: Could you tell us why, after all these years, you and Minnie have never married?

MOUSE: I...well, I really...you see, other people are involved here, and I'm afraid to say anything for fear that I might hurt them. It's really something between Minnie and myself. I hope you can understand.

FUNNYWORLD: Why do all you show people have three fingers?

MOUSE: Now, I'm glad you brought THAT subject up, because it's something that...I get so mad whenever I hear it, and I've been hearing it periodically ever since I went into this business. What's so great about five fingers, for Pete's sake? I'll bet I have all the digital dexterity that you do. This supposed superiority of the decimal system, and all the rest of it...the octinary system is a better numerical system in many ways, you know. But I could rant about this till doomsday, so we'd better...

FUNNYWORLD: How do you stand politically?

MOUSE: You mean, WHERE do I stand politically?

FUNNYWORLD: Yes.

MOUSE: We have to get the semantics right, here. With all these show people going into politics, I might think that you were asking me what my chances for election were.

FUNNYWORLD: Well, did you ever consider running for office?

MOUSE: No. Po Possum has been actively campaigning there for a while, but I've never had any interest in entering politics. But to get back to your original question, I think that an actor's politics are his own business, and...I do have some strong opinions, but I don't think this is the time or place to go into that.

FUNNYWORLD: Did you know Clarabelle Cow well?

MOUSE: Yes, I did. She was a very sensitive performer, and when I knew her, she was on her way to being a star. Then that vicious and completely baseless scandal ruined her career. It was a tragic waste; she never really completely recovered from it, personally, you know.

FUNNYWORLD: Can you make any comments about discrimination in the comics?

MOUSE: Well, I can't recall that I've ever had any material that could be construed as being discriminatory. My stories didn't need that kind of base. Of course, the rights groups have removed that kind of thing from the scene. And it's a good thing, too. There is the argument that this kind of pressuring the entertainment industry can limit its freedom of expression, but I think we're better off without all the... It used to be so common, you know, the black crows, Li'l Eight Ball. Even Po Possum had a little colored boy in his strip. I always thought that little colored boy kind of stood for the place the Negro had in America, called by his first name and so on.

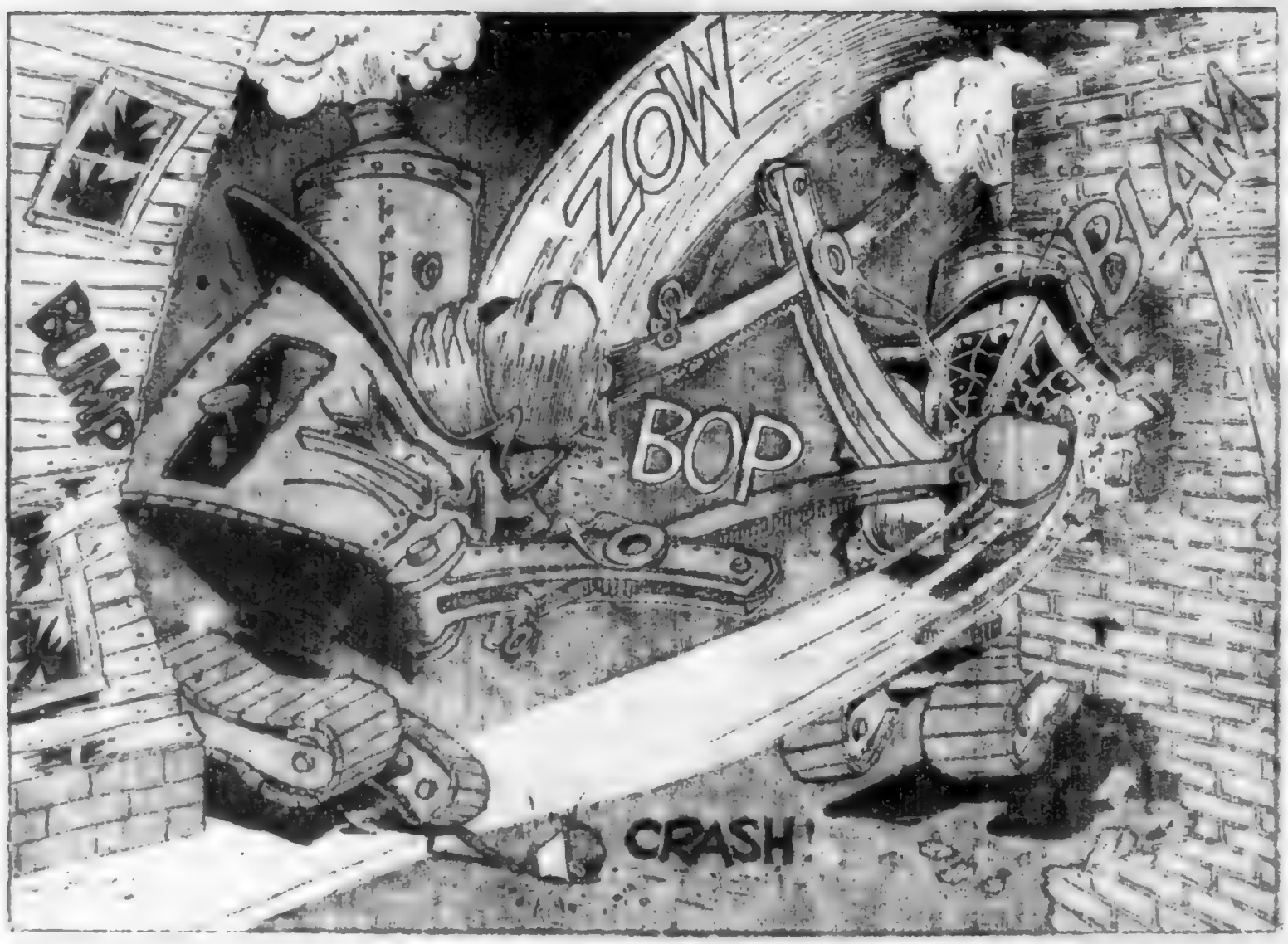
But we don't really get into that. I mean, I don't think we can even be accused of discrimination by exclusion. Most of our folks are animals; well, who's to say if a brown cow is a Negro? They did it in the old days with dialect, but it just doesn't enter into it now. So it's never really been a problem with me.

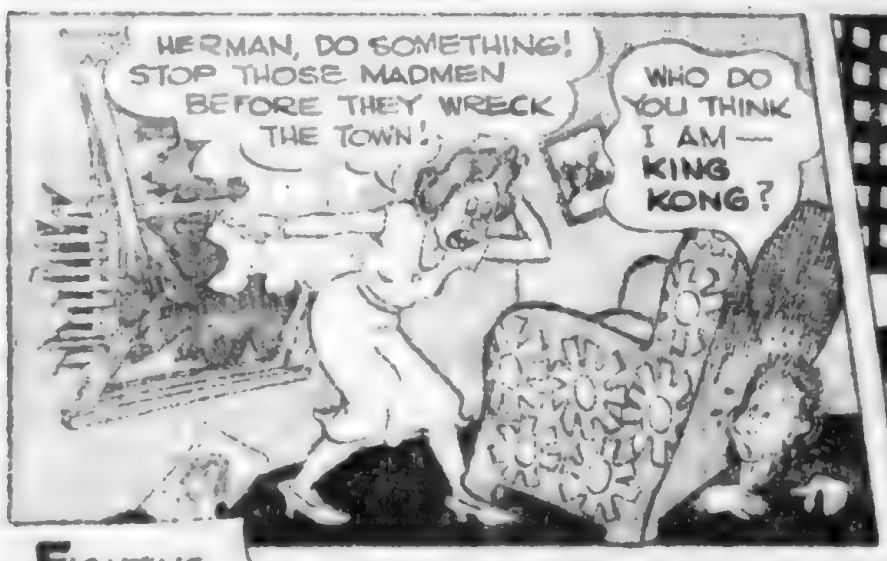
You know, part of Porky Pig's act was his stutter. You don't hear that any more. That kind of humor, playing on people's physical defects, playing on ethnic and minority groups, that's dying out, you know?

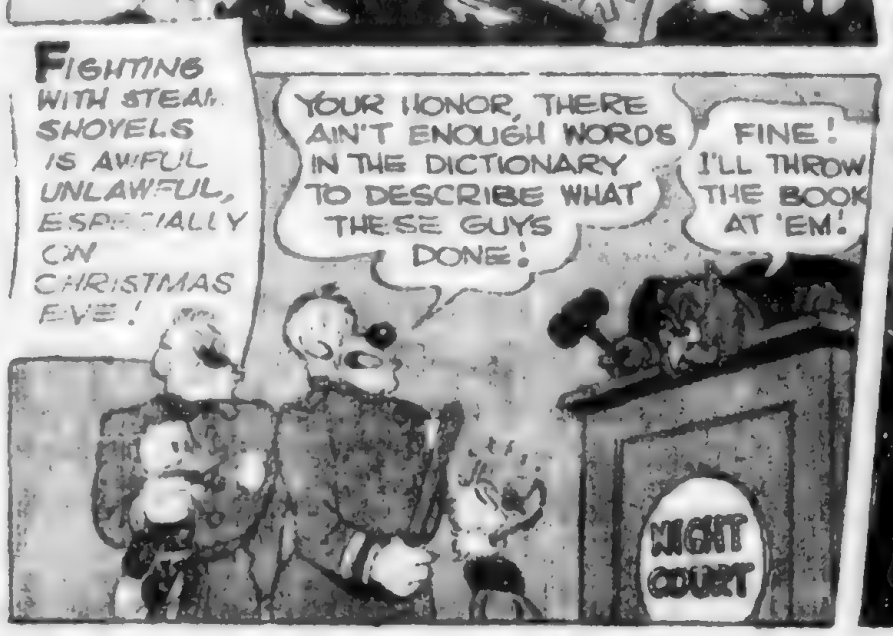
FUNNYWORLD: There was quite a lot of publicity recently when one of your nephews had a run-in with the law...

MOUSE: Yes, Morty...that narcotics raid. It was just pot involved, thank heaven, and none of the hard stuff. I don't think I could've stood that. Morty'll straighten out one of these days, but right now... He didn't know anything about the pot, you know, it was these weird people he's been hanging around with. I'm probably to blame for part of this, I guess...youcan't throw a kid into show business and not expect him to come out with a few scars. I did my best after he lost his folks in that terrible accident, but there's just so much an uncle can... I think what's happened is going to sober Morty up, and he'll be back in school before long. But he's grown now, and I can't tell a grown mouse what to do.

It's all different with his brother Ferdy, you know; he finished last year at Stanford. Made a fine engineer.






FIGHTING WITH STEAM SHOVELS IS AWFUL UNLAWFUL, ESPECIALLY ON CHRISTMAS EVE!
YOUR HONOR, THERE AIN'T ENOUGH WORDS IN THE DICTIONARY TO DESCRIBE WHAT THESE GUYS DONE!
FINE! I'LL THROW THE BOOK AT 'EM!
NIGHT COURT

From CHRISTMAS PARADE #1, © 1949, Walt Disney Productions

CARL BARKS BIBLIOGRAPHY

PART FIVE: OTHER DELL COMICS WITH THE DISNEY DUCKS

Five down, and three--not two--to go. As you can see from "The Plan of Ths Bibliography," I've decided to split what was supposed to be the fifth installment into two sections. This issue's segment of the bibliography covers only Dell comic books with the Disney ducks. The next issue will cover Barks' work with other Dell comics characters--Barney Bear, Benny Burro, Andy Panda, Porky Pig, Droopy.

The plot summaries are somewhat longer this time, you'll notice. I've decided that they'll have to be, if the stories are to be described adequately. Where necessary, the earlier plot summaries will be lengthened, too, before the bibliography appears in its final form.

Not very many people had strong feelings one way or the other, but the weight of reader sentiment seems to be on the side of (1) including descriptions of Barks covers, and (2) listing Barks reprint items like coloring books and Better Little Books. John Baldwin made the most persuasive argument for including such things:

> I think we're both agreed that this should be the final word as far as the works of Barks are concerned...and for this to be truly the court of final appeal and permanent reference work that I think we are all looking forward to...shouldn't it be complete? Why are you planning on

FUNNYWORLD - 20

THE PLAN OF THIS BIBLIOGRAPHY

This bibliography of the work of Carl Barks is to be published in seven installments, covering the following material:

1. WALT DISNEY'S COMICS - 1943-1949 (FW 7, September 1967).
2. WALT DISNEY'S COMICS - 1950-1962 (FW 8, December 1967).
3. DONALD DUCK comic books - 1942-1962 (FW 9, May 1968).
4. UNCLE SCROOGE comic books - 1952-1962 (FW 10, November 1968).
5. Other Dell comic books with the Disney ducks - 1949-1962 (FW 11).
6. Dell comic books with other characters - 1943-1954 (FW 12).
7. Gold Key comic books - 1962 to date (FW 13).
8. Giveaway and premium comic books (FW 14).
   Other comics-related material by Barks (FW 14).
   Non-comics material by Barks (FW 14).
   Material about Barks (FW 14).

The bibliography is appearing first in FUNNYWORLD so that as many errors as possible may be cleaned out before the bibliography is published in its final form. At this point, it's uncertain what form the finished bibliography will take--booklet, hard-cover book, or what--and what will be included in addition to the bibliography itself. The aim will be to provide as complete a guide to the comic book work of Carl Barks as is possible, and so the book probably will contain articles,an interview, the full publishing histories of the comic books in which Barks' work appeared, and, hopefully, some reproduction from Barks' stories. Full details will be announced in FUNNYWORLD, and probably in advertisements in other fan magazines, when the bibliography is ready for publication.

As can be seen from the list above of the eight installments, this bibliography will not be all-inclusive. It will not cover Barks' work at the Disney Studio, or for the CALGARY EYE-OPENER, or the paintings he has done since his retirement in 1966. Instead, it will cover all his published comic book work (including reprints) and other comics-related material done during his comic book career. For obvious reasons, only American publications will be included. Within each of the larger subdivisions of the bibliography, e.g., "Comic Books With the Disney Ducks," comic book titles like WALT DISNEY'S COMICS and UNCLE SCROOGE will be listed in chronological order, according to the date of the first regularly published issue (1940 for WALT DISNEY'S, 1951 for DONALD DUCK, and so on), or to the date of the first issue, in the case of comic books that were published only as one-shots. However, "giant" comic books will be listed only after all the normal-sized comics (64 or 52 or 36 pages, depending on the period) have been listed. The individual entries will be organized this way: Issue number, date, full title of each story (given exactly as in the comic book, ex-

cept for the omnipresent "Walt Disney's" or "Walt Disney Presents"), number of pages (but not page numbers, unless the pages are numbered in the comic book itself), and a brief summary, or precis, for each story. Covers and other illustrations will also be listed and described.

This pattern differs for comics that weren't published on a regular schedule, like the early issues of DONALD DUCK and UNCLE SCROOGE. Many Disney comics were published in Dell's series of one-shot comic books, which were identified as "Four Color Comics" through No. 101 (except for No. 100). The Four Color designation was dropped from the covers in 1946, but the numbering of the series continued uninterrupted, and so issues after No. 101 are identified in the bibliography as Four Color comics, too. I've also given the full page count, including covers, for all one-shots (in parentheses, after the number), and listed the full "official" title of each one-shot as given in the indicia that usually were published at the bottom of the inside front cover. (The "official" title is given only for the DONALD DUCK and UNCLE SCROOGE one-shots, since the other one-shots didn't have individual titles; every issue of DAISY DUCK'S DIARY is titled just that.) This official title is sometimes at variance with the title on the cover of the comic book. The dates given for one-shots, in parentheses, are the code dates for the comics. These code dates usually were given at the bottom of the first page of the comic. For example: "439"--September 1943, meaning not that the comic was published in that month, but that it appeared when comics cover-dated September 1943 were appearing. In some cases, publication on a regular schedule began while the comic book was still appearing in the Four Color series, although the date was given only in the indicia, and not on the cover. By contrast, on many later Four Colors, dates were given on the covers and in the indicia, even though the comic book was not being published on a regular schedule. Both these dates and the code dtes (which are sometimes inconsistent) are given. With the "giant" comics, as with the one-shots, the full page count and code date are given.

All reprinted stories will be cross-referenced, as will stories that are redrawn and rewritten versions of earlier Barks stories.

FUNNYWORLD's readers are encouraged to submit corrections, additions, and suggestions for improvements. Usable contributions of this sort will bring either a free copy of the complete bibliography or a discount, depending on how much information is supplied, how valuable the information is, and the price of the book.

---MIKE BARRIER

stopping just an iota short of completion when probably the addition of only ONE ADDITIONAL PAGE to your book would give us absolute completion? Take myself for instance...I've been knocking my head against a stone wall for months trying to find out which coloring books Barks' work appeared in, and been making no headway whatsoever. Where should a person like me turn...why, to that new Barks reference book, of course...so we'll look...and as things stand now, we'll draw a complet blank...and if it's not in your book, where else is left for us to turn? So I'll do it.

As usual, I have some people to thank for help they've given on the bibliography: Mike Benton, Don and Maggie Thompson, Matt Rosenblatt, Chip Coakley, John Benson, and--especially--Charles Heffelfinger, who generously loaned me copies of many Disney comics that I hadn't examined before. Thanks to him, I've now examined virtually all the Dell comic books that could contain Barks' work.

I should have mentioned last issue that I've checked COMIC ALBUM 1 and 3, in addition to all the other Disney comics that I listed. I haven't checked the outsized WONDERFUL WORLD OF DUCKS comic published in 1961, or DONALD DUCK FUN BOOK No. 2, but I have no reason to believe that there are Barks strips in either of them.

Charles Heffelfinger, in addition to solving a number of problems, has raised one. He has pointed out that for some reason, a number of Dell comics in the middle and late '50s were published in two editions--one with ads on the covers, and one without. Sometimes, the strips dropped for ads were by Barks. This happened in DONALD DUCK No. 45, as John Benson has pointed out: Barks strips on the back cover and the two inside covers were replaced by ads in some copies. This was also true of GYRO GEARLOOSE No. 1047 and DAISY DUCK No. 1150; in both cases, ads replaced Barks strips on the back covers. I have a photocopy of the GYRO strip, but a photocopy of the DAISY back cover is needed. I also want to encourage everyone to check their copies of the comics in this installment against the bibliography, in case there are any more "lost" Barks strips that I've missed. By the same token, please let me know if any strips I've listed have been replaced by ads in your copies. Ditto for DONALD DUCK and UNCLE SCROOGE from around 1955-1957 (Charles believes that regularly published comics like DONALD and SCROOGE were published in two editions only for a year or two, while there were two editions of Four Colors and "giants" for some time after that). Comics I'd especially like to have checked: UNCLE SCROOGE 15, GYRO GEARLOOSE 1095, 1267.

Mike Benton has raised another question. In my plot summaries,

I've been saying that a Barks story was a "new version" of an earlier Barks story, or "highly similar" to one. Mike has asked what my criteria are for drawing this distinction, and I really don't know; I've operated subjectively. Defining the shadowy line between "new stories" and "new versions" of old stories would probably be more trouble than it would be worth, and I doubt that it would change my classifications much if at all. However, I would encourage you to challenge my classifications if you think they're wrongheaded or even slightly questionable. Like everything else in this bibliography, they're hardly sacred.

Instead of having separate Dell and Gold Key sections in the bibliography, I've decided to combine the two, which will make at least a few people happy. Dell and Gold Key issues will be distinctly labeled as such, but they won't be segregated in different parts of the book. I'm still not sure just how I'll organize the bibliography now that I've made this change, but at least I have plenty of time to mull at it. There'll be some other changes in organization before the bibliography is finished; as you can see, the organization of this issue's installment leaves something to be desired. Incidentally, even though the Dell and GK issues will be combined in the final version of the bibliography, the Gold Keys will still get an installment all their own in the bibliography as published in FUNNYWORLD; it's too late to change that.

Next issue, I'll list the Gold Key comic books and other Barks items for which I still need information.

---MIKE BARRIER

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A Carl Barks Bibliography, Part Five

I. Dell Comic Books With the Disney Ducks (Cont.)

D. DUCK ALBUM

Four Color 353 (36) (October) 1951	Front cover (five "photographs" of the ducks).
Four Color 450 (36) (February) 1953	Front cover (group "photograph" of the ducks.

E. DAISY DUCK'S DIARY

Four Color 1055 (36)
Nov.-Jan. 1960
(November) 1959

"Daisy's Dazed Days" - 1 (inside front cover) - A "diary entry" in rebus form. DAISY DUCK'S DIARY The Librarian - 6 - Daisy goes to Scrooge's money bin to collect two cents due on an overdue book on lion taming, and finds Scrooge trapped with a lion he was trying to tame for a quick profit. Daisy discovers that the lion refuses to be tamed only because he dislikes the noise Scrooge is making. (Art only.) DAISY DUCK'S DIARY The Double Date - 5 - Daisy and Donald double-date with Clara Cluck and Rockhead Rooster, and Rockhead and Donald hit it off so well that they ignore the girls. (Art only.) DAISY DUCK'S DIARY The TV Babysitter - 6 - Daisy baby-sits with the nephews, using the closed-circuit television camera in their room, while Donald goes to a bowling tournament, but the nephews escape to the tournament by putting a photo of themselves in front of the camera. (Art only.) DAISY DUCK'S DIARY Donald's Party - 7 - Daisy is wearing an evening gown she has just received in the mail when Donald invites her to a come-as-you-are party, but she goes to the party in work clothes when no one believes she really was wearing the dress. Everyone else dresses up to teach her a lesson, but when a newspaper photographer comes to take a picture, Daisy has to help them muss up their good clothes. (Art only.) DAISY DUCK'S DIARY The Beauty Queen - 7 - Daisy, depressed because she thinks she hasn't won the city beauty queen contest, goes to Grandma's farm, where two roving judges pick her to be Farm Queen. When she returns home, she finds that she has won the city title, too. (Art only.) DAISY Tight Shoes - 7/8 - Daisy tries on new shoes, but decides her bare feet are more comfortable. (Art only.) DAISY DUCK The New Girl - 1 (back cover) - Daisy cheers up when rain ruins a pretty

new girl's hairdo. (Art only.) (Three panels deep.)
DAISY DUCK The Framed Mirror - 1 (inside back cover) - Daisy tries painting a self-portrait, then settles for a mirror. (Art only.) (Three panels deep.)

Four Color 1150 (36)
Dec.-Feb. 1961
(November) 1960

DAISY DUCK "Small Fryers" - 1 (inside front cover) - Daisy's nieces come to visit, and mess up her kitchen. (Art only.)
DAISY DUCK'S DIARY A Sticky Situation - 8 - Daisy, fed up with Donald and men in general, takes her nieces camping in the wilderness, but they have to be rescued by men when they're trapped on a peak. (Art only.)
DAISY DUCK'S DIARY Ring Leader Roundup - 6 - Daisy finds a lost ring that she uses to make Donald think that she has another boyfriend, but it turns out that the ring contains a midget radio used by diamond smugglers. Donald knocks out a smuggler, mistaking him for Daisy's boyfriend. (Art only.)
DAISY DUCK'S DIARY Too Much Help - 4 - Daisy, convinced that Grandma Duck is having trouble, takes Gladstone to her farm to bring her luck--but the blessings brought by Gladstone's luck all backfire. (Art only.)
DAISY DUCK'S DIARY Ruling the Roost - 8 - When Scrooge can't be found, Daisy makes decisions for him, until he's finally located stuck in a chute leading to his underground jewel vaults. (Art only.)
DAISY DUCK'S DIARY Daringly Different - 4 1/2 - Daisy tries to break out of the subdivision mold with unusual touches for her house and yard, but soon all her neighbors are imitating her. (Art only.)
DAISY DUCK False Flattery - 1/2 - Daisy buys a parrot that compliments her. (Art only.)
DAISY DUCK Friendly Enemy - 1 - Daisy takes up sculpting, instead of skating, at Donald's suggestion. (Art only.)

DAISY DUCK Undercover Girl - 1 (inside back cover) - Daisy buys a new hat that's so big no one can see who she is. (Art only.) (Three panels deep.)
DAISY DUCK - 1 (back cover) - (information not available). (This page was replaced by an advertisement in some copies.)

F. GRANDMA DUCK'S FARM FRIENDS

Four Color 1010 (36)
July-Sept. 1959
(July) 1959

GRANDMA DUCK'S FARM FRIENDS and the Flying Farm Hand - 8 - Dumbo comes to Grandma's farm, at the nephews' invitation, but scares the animals until the nephews hit on using him as a scarecrow. Br'er Fox wears the old scarecrow's clothes to frighten Dumbo away, then tries to steal Grandma's farm animals, but Dumbo captures him. (Art only.)
GRANDMA DUCK'S FARM FRIENDS and A Honey of a Hen - 7 - Scrooge, at Grandma's farm to buy some produce, fakes an accident so that he can enjoy Grandma's cooking for a few days. Scrooge gives himself away when he sees the hen he has bought in danger from a chicken hawk. (Art only.)
GRANDMA DUCK'S FARM FRIENDS and the Weather Watchers - 7 - Gyro invents a mechanical weathervane for Grandma's farm, but Grandma's goat interferes with it, causing it to give out alarming forecasts. (Art only.)
GRANDMA DUCK'S FARM FRIENDS and the Sheepish Cowboys - 6 7/8 - The nephews ride on sheep when their horse runs away but the other sheep follow their mounts. The nephews pen up the sheep in a gully, where the Big Bad Wolf finds them and shears them, stuffing his mattress with the wool. Grandma and the nephews find him floundering in the hopelessly soft mattress. (Art only.)

Four Color 1073 (36)
Jan.-Mar. 1960
(January) 1960

Front cover (Grandma cracks an egg for Gus Goose's breakfast and finds a chick inside).
GRANDMA DUCK Mopping up - 1 (inside front cover) - Grandma puts down fly paper to

keep Gus from tracking up her kitchen floor. (Art only.)
GRANDMA DUCK'S FARM FRIENDS Touche Toupee - 6 - After Grandma's horse eats some of his hay and apples, her neighbor Si Bumpkin accuses her of stealing his eggs--but Grandma proves that his big floppy hat has frightened his hens so much that they have stopped laying. (Art only.)
GRANDMA DUCK'S FARM FRIENDS The Snow Chaser - 6 - Gyro uses a "snow chaser" to vaporize snow on Grandma's farm, but through a series of misadventures, the vaporized snow builds up in storm clouds overhead, and soon the farm is once again covered with snow. (Art only.)
GRANDMA DUCK'S FARM FRIENDS Free Ski Spree - 6 - Scrooge tries winter sports at Grandma's, but has little luck at ice skating, tobogganing or skiing, and finally returns to ski on the money at his money bin. (Art only.)

Four Color 1161 (36)
Feb.-Apr. 1961
(January) 1961

GRANDMA DUCK'S FARM FRIENDS The Whole Herd of Help - 8 - Scrooge gives Grandma an elephant that he has received as a gift. The elphant proves useful on the farm, until Grandma's horse runs away out of jealousy. Scrooge takes the elephant back when it turns out to have a talent for finding lost coins. (Art only.)
GRANDMA DUCK'S FARM FRIENDS The Day the Farm Stood Still - 6 - Grandma wakes to find the farm silent, waiting for the return of a precocious chick who has upset all the surrounding farmers with his efforts to help them. (Art only.)
GRANDMA DUCK'S FARM FRIENDS The Training Farm Fuss - 7 - Gladstone practices being a matador, using one of Grandma's bulls, then heads for Mexico. He leaves the docile bull uncontrollably wild, but it turns out that a horsefly in his ear, and not Gladstone, has riled the bull. (Art only.)
GRANDMA DUCK'S FARM FRIENDS The Reversed Rescue - 7 - Donald flies in a helicopter

to Grandma's snowbound farm, but is shot down by the Beagle Boys. Two of the Beagles go to Grandma's farm for gasoline, but there are defeated by Grandma's goat. Grandma and the nephews then dispose of the third Beagle. (Art only.)

G. DONALD DUCK ALBUM

Four Color 1099 (36)
May-July 1960
(May) 1960

Front cover (a scowling Donald photographs the other ducks as they pose in a mock house front).

Four Color 1140
Oct.-Dec. 1960
(October) 1960

Front cover (Donald takes the nephews' picture; one of them aims at the "birdie" with a slingshot).

Four Color 1239 (36)
Oct.-Dec. 1961
(September) 1961

Front cover (the ducks pose together, with the nephews under a bear rug).

H. VACATION IN DISNEYLAND

Four Color 1025 (36)
Aug.-Oct. 1959
(August) 1959

DONALD DUCK in Mastering the Matterhorn - 8 - The ducks climb the Matterhorn, where they find the Beagle Boys and a diamond they've hidden at the top of the mountain. The ducks rout the Beagles with the help of a mountain goat they've befriended on the way up. (Art only.) ("Mountain goat" actually resembles a bighorn sheep more than a mountain goat.)
GRANDMA DUCK and UNCLE SCROOGE in Trail Tycoon - 6 - Scrooge brings along no provisions except money on a wagon train heading west, but he learns that Indians prefer buttons to coins. (Art only.)
GYRO GEARLOOSE and GUS GOOSE on the Dream Planet - 6 - Gyro and Gus find Gus' "dream planet," where the inhabitants are completely lazy. Gyro spoils this paradise by encouraging them to work harder to make life easier. (Art only.)

I. GYRO GEARLOOSE

Four Color 1047 (36)
Nov.-Jan. 1960
(November) 1959

Front cover (Gyro pedals a machine that runs instead of rolling).
Inside front cover (full-page drawing of

LOOOK! LOOOK! DON'T BLINK! .... HA! I SEE YOU HAF REPRESSED DESIRE! THERE EES SOMETHING YOU WANT!
LOOOK DEEP EENTO MY EYES, SO I CAN SEE WHAT EES THEES THING YOU WANT!
BAM!
YOU MONSTAIR! YOU FIEND! GEET OUT FROM MY HOUSE! I AM EENSULT!
MADAME! MADAME! CALM YOURSELF!
DID YOU READ HIS M[illegible]! DID YOU F[illegible] OUT WHAT H[illegible] WANTED?
I'LL SAY I DEED!
THAT EENSULTING MONSTAIR WANTED MY PEECTURE TO FRIGHTEN HEES NEPHEWS, WEEETH!
HUH?
I SAID, TAKE ME RIGHT HOME!

Pro[illegible], © 1950, Walt Disney Productions

the exterior of Gyro's workshop, with Gyro on a bike-saucer).
GYRO GEARLOOSE The Gab-muffer - 10 - Gyro invents a machine to envelop the nephews in a "globe of silence," but disaster strikes from two directions when a fire starts in Donald's back yard and the gab-muffer is broken, silencing Donald and Gyro as well as the nephews. Gyro's helper comes to the rescue, dousing both the fire and the machine with water.
GYRO GEARLOOSE The Stubborn Stork - 8 - Gyro and Scrooge use Gyro's bike-saucers as they try to remove a nesting stork from an air vent leading from Scrooge's money bin. The stork likes the smell of money, and not until they put some in her nest will she accept a new perch.
GYRO GEARLOOSE Milktime Melodies - 7 - Gyro invents a special hi-fi set to keep Grandma's cows happy. When the set accidentally starts broadcasting piercing sound waves, they help, too, by splitting wood and mowing hay.
GYRO GEARLOOSE The Lost Rabbit Foot - 6 7/8 - Gyro invents a machine to locate Gladstone's lost rabbit's foot. The rabbit's foot is located in the water at the bottom of a pier, but it turns out that Gladstone's luck doesn't depend on it after all.
GYRO GEARLOOSE The Bird Camera - 1 (inside back cover) - Gyro has no luck finding the curly-tailed woodpecker to photograph; his helper has better luck with a paint brush.
GYRO GEARLOOSE The Odd Order - 1 (back cover) - Gyro, at a restaurant, orders a flashlight battery for his helper. (Replaced by an advertisement in some copies.)

Four Color 1095 (36)
April-June 1960
(March) 1960

Front cover (Gyro uses a "camera" that paints his portrait).
GYRO GEARLOOSE The Call of the Wild - 1 (inside front cover) - Gyro invents a moose call so good hunters fire at him.
GYRO GEARLOOSE Cave of the Winds - 10 - On Gyro's advice, Scrooge buys Duckburg savings bonds with his money to save it

from the Beagle Boys, then hides the bonds in caves in the Aeolian Mountains. The bonds are swept out of the caves by the winds, forming a huge cloud of paper, and Scrooge and the Beagles race to recover them.
GYRO GEARLOOSE Mixed-up Mixer - 7 - Gyro uses his new concrete mixer to build a dam on Grandma's farm when a flood hits, then Grandma uses it to mix bread for flood refugees.
GYRO GEARLOOSE The Madball Pitcher - 8 - Gyro, caught in the middle in a hotly contested baseball game between two Duckburg teams, invents an unhittable ball for one side and an unmissable bat for the other. As a result, the game ends in a riot after the first pitch.
GYRO GEARLOOSE The Bear Tamer - 7 - Gladstone recruits Gyro to help him tame a bear so that he will be crowned "king of luck." Gyro invents a repellent that keeps the bear subdued, but when the repellent wears off, it's Gyro's "Gyroburger" sandwich that distracts the bear from Gladstone.
GYRO GEARLOOSE Tale of the Tape - 1 (inside back cover) - Gyro tapes his snores, but the tape picks up an elephant's snores as well.

CATCHING BEARS, CROWNING KINGS, EATING ON THE RUN! I WONDER IF OTHER INVENTORS HAVE TO WORK THIS HARD FOR A LIVING!
WILDWOOD CANYON

© 1960, Walt Disney Productions

Four Color 1184 (36)
May-July 1961
(May) 1961

Front cover (a mechanical fly swatter keeps the flies away while Gyro fishes).
GYRO GEARLOOSE The Nose Knows - 1 (inside front cover) - Gyro sends up a rocket that radios back everything it sees--and warns him to beware before it crashes on his workshop.
GYRO GEARLOOSE Monsterville - 10 - Duckburg is rebuilt to Gyro's specifications, but his inventions eliminate so much work that the people have nothing to do, and grow steadily more bored. Finally, Gyro

himself sabotages his inventions so that the people will have to do things for themselves again.
GYRO GEARLOOSE The Cube - 5 - Gyro tries to find a use for the large plastic cube with holes that he has invented, until finally it's used for what he had in mind in the first place--a sport called "Cube."
GYRO GEARLOOSE Mighty but Miserable - 7 - A Beagle Boy forces Gyro to make a machine that will increase his intelligence, but the machine's effects last only an hour, so Gyro invents a machine that makes him super-strong when the angry Beagle returns. His strength is so great that he wrecks everything he touches, until he uses up his strength plugging a hole in a dam.
GYRO GEARLOOSE Brain-strain - 7 - Gyro, marooned with Donald on a rocky island when Donald's poorly constructed boat sinks, attracts the attention of a passing plane by igniting gunpowder in the crater of an extinct volcano that he has filled with millions of feathers.
GYRO GEARLOOSE The Old Timer - 1 (inside back cover) - Gyro drives his self-servicing car into Donald's service station--but only for a drink of water.
GYRO GEARLOOSE Mechanized Mess - 1 (back cover) - Gyro's mechanized trash can panicks the trash collectors.

Four Color 1267 (36)
Dec.-Feb. 1962
(November) 1961

Front cover (Gyro rides a unicycle that prints his name on the ground as it rolls).
GYRO GEARLOOSE Buffaloed by Buffaloes - 4 - Gyro, sent to Farbakishan as a "Brain Corpsman," tries to put idle water buffaloes to work, but this requires more manpower than the old methods that produced the same results.

01-329-207
May-July 1962
(April) 1962

Front cover (a motor on Gyro's back paddles his boat as he fishes).

J. DONALD AND THE WHEEL

Four Color 1190 (36)
(November) 1961

Front cover (Donald, as a caveman, contemplates various wheels).

THE FOLLOWING ARE ALL "GIANT" COMIC BOOKS.

K. CHRISTMAS PARADE

1 (132)
(November) 1949

DONALD DUCK in "Letter to Santa" - 24 - Donald forgets to mail the nephews' letter to Santa Claus, discovering on Christmas eve that they want a steamshovel. Donald gets the money for a steamshovel from Uncle Scrooge, but Scrooge, upset because Santa and not he will get the credit for the gift, buys a steamshovel of his own to give to the nephews. He and Donald meet and fight in their steamshovels, wrecking them. Then they disguise Donald as Santa so that he can tell the nephews he's out of steamshovels. Donald's efforts are a disaster, and when he becomes stuck in the chimney, Scrooge dresses as Santa himself, and sings his own praises to the nephews. Donald, finally free from the chimney, fights again with Scrooge. Then the real Santa appears with what the nephews <u>really</u> wanted--a <u>toy</u> steamshovel.
DONALD DUCK - 1 - Donald, his reading disrupted by the nephews, finally retreats outside into the snow.

2 (132)
1950

DONALD DUCK in "You Can't Guess!" - 25 (pp. 1-25) - Donald promises to buy the nephews what they want for Christmas--a spectacular building set--if they can guess what he wants for Christmas. As they try to guess, Donald's friends and relatives become involved, and each independently decides to buy Donald a new car to replace his worn-out jalopy; they also buy the nephews building sets. Finally, the nephews guess correctly that Donald does want a new car for Christmas. On Christmas morning, Donald and the nephews are swamped with cars and building sets.

8 (100)
(December) 1956

GYRO GEARLOOSE in Grandma's Present - 8 (pp. 68-75) - Gyro, tired of inventing, goes to Grandma's farm to forget

about it, but soon finds himself inventing a machine that manufactures all the farm's products out of nothing but dirt, water, and air--until Grandma ties him up.

9 (100)
(December) 1958

DONALD DUCK in Christmas in Duckburg - 20 - Donald lets the nephews pick their own present, and it's a ferris wheel. To get the money for it, Donald and the nephews go to Canada to pick up the 100-foot Christmas tree Scrooge has bought for the town square, in response to a challenge from Ollie Eiderduck. To save himself from losing his bet with Scrooge, Eider-- duck sends the Beagle Boys north to shorten the tree--but, placed on the ferris wheel, it's still taller than the town hall's clock tower, and so Scrooge wins his bet. (Pages are three panels deep.)

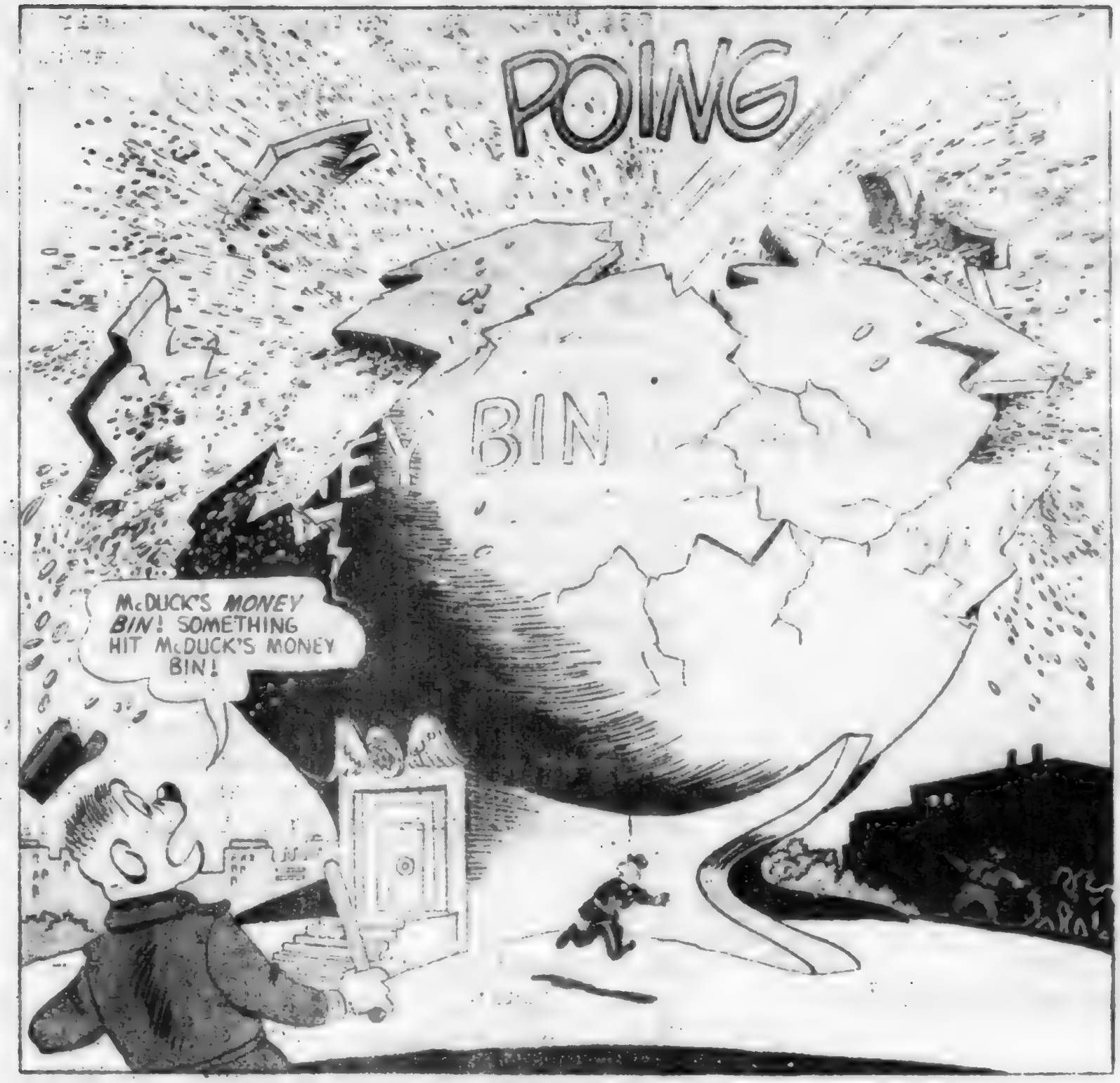
26 (84)
(December) 1959

DONALD DUCK in The Christmas Cha Cha - 16 - Donald practices the cha cha so that he can win the first prize in a dance contest, a silver bowl, with Daisy, and give her his half of the bowl as a Christmas gift. But Scrooge is supposed to supply the bowl, and so enters the contest, too, with a dance teacher as his partner. Donald and Daisy win, after one of the nephews peps up Daisy's dancing by telling her that the wreath she wears contains poison oak. (Art only.)

L. VACATION PARADE

1 (unnumbered) (132)
(July) 1950

DONALD DUCK in Vacation Time - 33 (pp. 1-33) - Donald takes the nephews camping in a wilderness area, where they encounter a bullying camper who is careless with his cigarettes and his campfire. The camper finally sets fire to the woods, but saves himself by stealing Donald's car. The ducks, trapped by the blaze, save themselves by burying themselves in trenches. The camper tells the forest rangers that the ducks started the fire, but when they emerge from the burned-over area, they prove their innocence with a photograph of the camper's carelessly made campfire.



From [illegible] #1, © 19[illegible] Walt Disney Productions

DONALD DUCK in Camp Counselor - 8 (pp. 102-109) - Donald, humiliated in his efforts to teach the nephews and other boys woodcraft, finally fools them into believing that a bearskin rug is a real bear, but then they fool him with a bearskin rug of their own.

DONALD'S GRANDMA DUCK - 14 (pp. 114-127) - The nephews, visiting Grandma, have trouble adjusting to country ways, especially the quiet at night, but Grandma is not sympathetic. They find a letter from one of Grandma's creditors and mistakenly think that she is about to

FEARLESS FANG II

SO! HERE I STAND, WITH THE KEYS TO A MANSION AND MY POCKETS EMPTY. WHAT AVAILETH MY NEW RICHES IF I HAVE NOT A PENNY FOR A CRUST OF BREAD?

NOT MUCH, SO IT'S LUCKY THAT I SALTED AWAY A SMALL SUM AGAINST THE DEPREDATIONS OF LAWYERS AND OTHER SUCH RIFFRAFF.

SOME FOOD AND A CAB TO HAMSTER HALL ARE IN ORDER; THE GRUB COMES FIRST.

MARKET

TWO SLIM JIMS AND A SACK OF CHIPS, MY MAN, WHEN YOU'RE DONE WITH THE LADY.

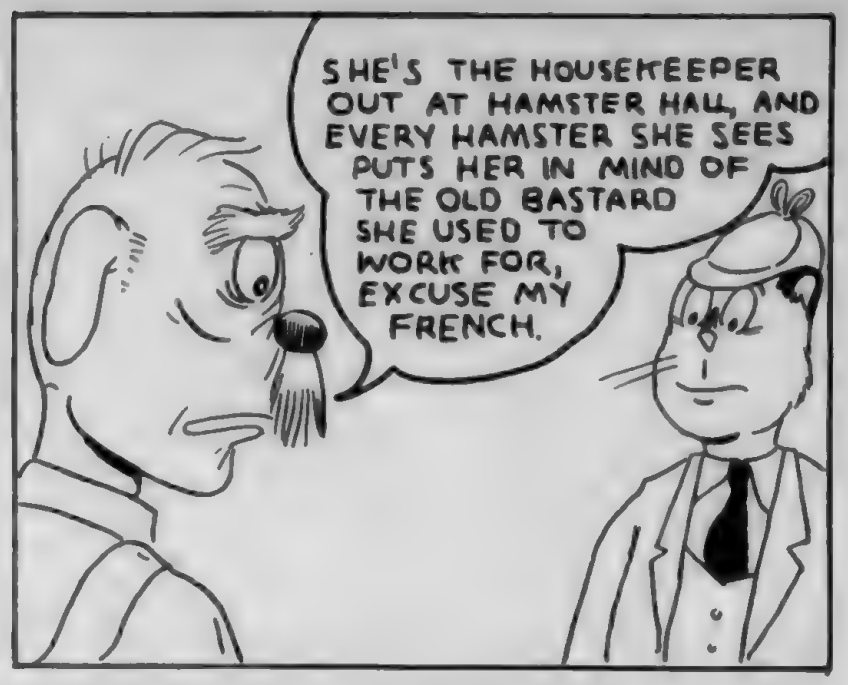
YEEEEEEEEEE!

OLD PUTCHEER

WOWF! WOOF! YOW! SHRIEK! SCREAM! HOWL! CASO!

WOO! WOO! woo!

PRAY, MADAM, IN WHAT WISE DO I OFFEND?
IT'S NOTHING YOU'VE DONE, MISTER.
Try LYNCH BUTTONS Get "Natural" Relief
'R' Brand CRUMBS Stuff a Turkey or Yourself

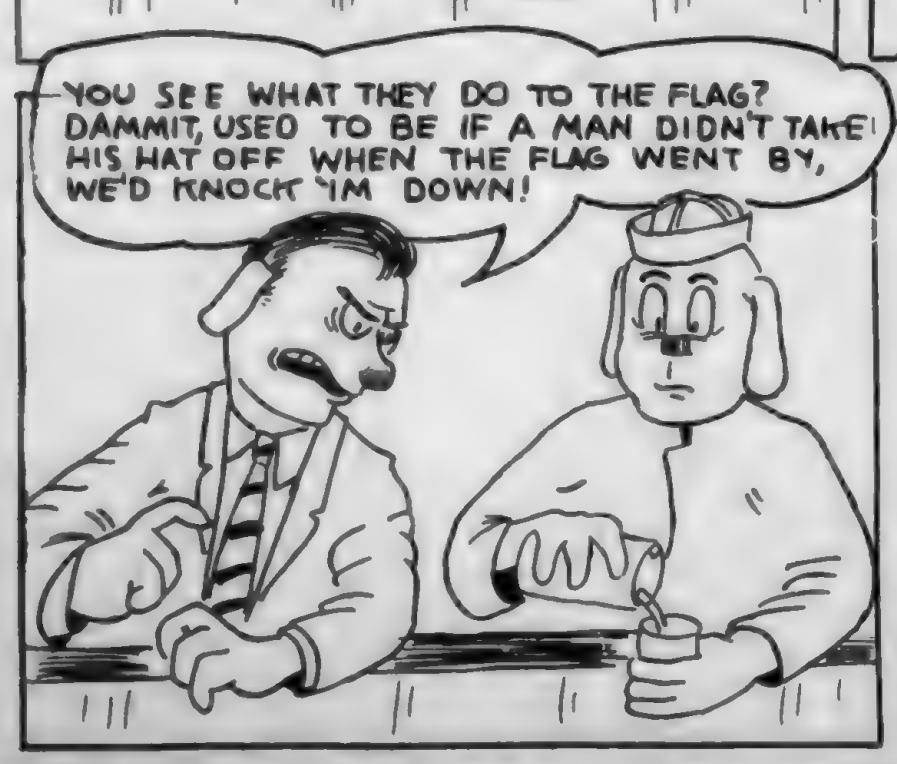

SHE'S THE HOUSEKEEPER OUT AT HAMSTER HALL, AND EVERY HAMSTER SHE SEES PUTS HER IN MIND OF THE OLD BASTARD SHE USED TO WORK FOR, EXCUSE MY FRENCH.

YESSIR?
BUD.

YOU SEEN ON TV WHAT THESE DAMN COLLEGE KIDS BEEN DOING?
GRIPES MY ASS.
MMMP.

CAN'T TELL THE BOYS FROM THE GIRLS. HALF OF 'EM — HELL, ALL OF 'EM, QUEERS.

MOST OF 'EM ARE REDS. QUEER REDS. OUGHT TO SHIP 'EM ALL TO VIETNAM.
SHOOT THEIR ASSES OFF.


YOU SEE WHAT THEY DO TO THE FLAG? DAMMIT, USED TO BE IF A MAN DIDN'T TAKE HIS HAT OFF WHEN THE FLAG WENT BY, WE'D KNOCK 'IM DOWN!

YOU ALWAYS TOOK OFF YOUR HAT, HUH?
WELL, HELL — NO! I WAS BUSY KNOCKING PEOPLE DOWN.

MORE

things. Newspaper editorial writers are mostly middle-aged men who grew up in Mickey Mouse's days of glory, for one thing. Then too, the vastly efficient Disney organization kept Walt Disney the Good Uncle alive even as Walt Disney the Entrepreneur grew in power and wealth. But more than anything else, it could be that newspapermen, and the American public in general, chose to remember Walt Disney for what he did best and for what is most likely to give him immortality.

It's the great value of Richard Schickel's biographical study that he makes Walt Disney come alive as an entrepreneur. By clearing away the Disney underbrush--the myths and the outright lies--Schickel makes it easier to see and measure Disney's accomplishments. The irony is, Schickel is so caught up in his own analysis of Disney's personality that he can see the Disney films only in its light, much as Disney partisans might see the films in the light of their views of Disney-as-primitive-artist or Disney-as-moralist. Schickel's analysis, which is highly convincing so far as it goes, simply won't support all the conclusions that he piles on it.

Schickel's Disney is a man whose principal interest was in technology, and whose obsession was "to order, control and keep clean any environment he inhabited." Schickel's account of Disney's life and evaluation of his works always lead back to this, and culminate in his extraordinary chapters on Disneyland. As Schickel tells it, Disney's aim, first in his cartoons and later at Disneyland, was to reproduce life in art as faithfully as possible, through technological innovations; thus the growing use of human figures in the cartoons of the late '30s and early '40s, and the introduction of Audio-Animatronics at Disneyland in this decade. This is one way to bring life under control, obviously--reproduce it, but on your own terms. The ugly results were obvious in the feature cartoons of the '50s, when, as Schickel says, "the studio style was so inflexibly realistic, so harsh and so obviously the product of a factory system, that it was incapable of catching more than the broad outlines" of such classics as ALICE IN WONDERLAND and SLEEPING BEAUTY.

Schickel finds an even more sinister ugliness in Disneyland, where the tendencies of the Disney movies have been carried much further. There's the same striving for realism, but with a difference. In a cartoon, no matter how much realism is sought, the audience remains aware on some level that it's watching only drawings, and not the real t[illegible]ng. "Artistic distance" is built-in. At Disneyland, though, where the entertainments are three-dimensional, a different approach is required. Schickel puts it this way: "What is frustrating about it is that it is not better than it is, that just when something has about captured you, caused you willingly to suspend disbelief, the 'imagineers' rudely nudge you awake and

whisper, 'Just kidding, folks.'"

"What the average, middle-class American wants and has always wanted of art and of the objects he mistakes for art," Schickel says, "is the fake alligator that thrills but never threatens, that may be appreciated for the cleverness with which it approximates the real thing but that carries no psychological or poetic overtones."

So the imagineer's nudge serves two purposes: It prevents the work of art's having too strong an effect on the audience, and it calls attention to the cleverness of the imagineer. Schickel doesn't say so, but you can find something similar in some of the Disney live-action movies (although with them, there's never much danger of the audience's getting too involved). In "Mary Poppins," for example, the special effects are never quite convincing. When a mechanical robin sings on Mary's hand, we see it in closeup, so that it's obvious the bird is a machine. There's no effort to make it seem real. The aim of all this technical ingenuity is not to create an illusion of <u>another</u> reality, as the technical improvements in the cartoons did, at first. The ultimate goal, I suppose, is a perfect imitation of life that is still recognizbly an imitation--an impossible goal, and not exactly a noble one. It's interesting to contrast the special effects in Disney films and at Disneyland with those in a motion picture like "2001: A Space Odyssey." There, the special effects were directed to a larger purpose, and made a great many people uncomfortable as a result.

The apogee of this striving toward realism was reached in Audio-Animatronics, and especially in the mechanical Abraham Lincoln that is the object of Schickel's most intense fascination and disgust: "Thus was the sixteenth president, martyr, hero and summary of the virtues of democratic man turned into a living doll... Disney, caught in the grip of his technical mania and protected by his awesome innocence about aesthetic and philosophical matters, had brought forth a monster of wretched taste which, for all the phony reverence and pomposity surrounding its presentation, leaves one in a state of troubled tension. Are we really supposed to revere this ridiculous contraption, this weird agglomeration of wires and plastic, transferring to it, in the process, whatever genuine emotions we may have toward Lincoln in particular, toward mankind in general? ... Here <u>is</u> the dehumanization of art in its final extremity, paradoxically achieved by an ignorant man who was actually, and in good conscience, seeking its humanization and who had, indeed, arrived at this dreadful solution, after a lifetime search for a perfect means of reproducing the reality of human life. At this point the Magic Kingdom becomes a dark land, the innocent dream becomes a nightmare,

THE INFAMOUS ERRORS

The most annoying thing about THE DISNEY VERSION is the number of errors it contains--most if not all of them avoidable. It's on the errors that some of Schickel's critics have fastened most tenaciously. For example, Leonard Maltin and Al Kilgore, in a pair of reviews in FILM FAN MONTHLY, criticize Schickel most for his errors, although they also condemn the book as "propaganda" and "the purest example of McCarthyism since the late senator's demise." Apparently, the persuasive presentation of a point of view with which you disagree is automatically propaganda.

Kilgore points out a number of errors in the book, most of them not too important. Unfortunately for him, Kilgore commits several errors even as he is correcting Schickel's. Schickel says Snow White's tears cause rings in the water at the bottom of the well in the opening sequence of the movie; Kilgore says, "The genesis for the rings in the water at the bottom of the well is not made apparent; it is either the reverberation of her voice or droplets from the bucket she has just raised." To the contrary, it's quite clear that her voice causes the rings; they appear as she sings, synchronized with her voice. Kilgore attacks Schickel's error in saying that Disney made only one pure animated feature--"Victory Through Air Power"--between "Bambi" and "Cinderella." Kilgore replies: "Both 'Make Mine Music' (1946) and 'Ichabod and Mr. Toad' (1949) were pure animated features containing no live-action sequences." "Make Mine Music" was, yes, but "Ichabod and Mr. Toad" contained very brief live-action shots that introduced the two segments of the movie. For that matter, although I haven't seen "Victory Through Air Power," I've read that it too contained live-action. Finally, Kilgore attacks Schickel for intimating that Disney was anti-Semitic because a Jewish caricature was included in "The Three Little Pigs." Kilgore replies that such caricatures were common in those days, and moreover, the caricature was eliminated when the film was re-released in the '30s, and a new sequennce substituted. It's worth noting, however, that "The Brave Little Tailor," a 1938 Mickey Mouse cartoon, contained a very brief glimpse of a Jewish-caricature mouse, a caricature that was repeated in the comic-strip version of the story. Kilgore, while correctly attacking Schickel for reading too much into the racial caricatures in Disney's films, says that Disney's "Song of the South" "was not picketed..." But it was, in New York City, according to the New

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and the amusement park itself becomes a demonstration not of the wondrous possibilities of technological progress, as its founder hoped, but of its possibilities for horror."

Whether one agrees fully with Schickel or not--and I'm reluctant

York TIMES. Adam Clayton Powell and the NAACP also protested the film.

Maltin's review is more to the point, skewering Schickel for one of his forays into psychoanalysis of the dead, but it too seethes with resentment that Schickel should have attacked Disney at all.

In regard to live-action sequences in cartoon features, it should be mentioned that Schickel refers to live-action in "Peter Pan," but there is none, to my knowledge. The film will be re-released this summer, so we can all see for ourselves. However, the waterfall in "The Jungle Book" is live-action.

The most serious error in THE DISNEY VERSION is Schickel's confusion of two entirely different cartoons, "Der Fuehrer's Face," the Academy Award-winning attack on Hitler, and "The New Spirit," the 1942 cartoon designed to encourage taxpayers to pay their taxes on time. Of the discussion of the tax film on Pages 270 and 271, everything applies to "The New Spirit" except for the last three sentences in the first paragraph at the top of Page 271, which apply to "Der Fuehrer's Face."

Schickel also says that Disney couldn't draw Mickey Mouse, and was quoted to that effect in the Los Angeles TIMES' WEST magazine in an article on Mickey Mouse's fortieth anniversary. That brought this letter of rebuttal from Ward Kimball:

> Your writer quoted Mr. Richard Schickel as to the effect that "Walt Disney couldn't even draw Mickey Mouse." I can't imagine where Mr. Schickel got such information. ... Many of Walt's friends and associates will tell you that he not only could but, on hundreds of occasions, did draw Mickey.

Friz Freleng's name somehow comes out "Fritz Freling." And Schickel doesn't know Yosemite Sam's name, either, referring to him only as a "hot-tempered gun-toting Southern-Western character whose enormous handlebar moustache touched his toes."

There are errors of this sort scattered all through the book. Since THE DISNEY VERSION is more a critical study than a biography, the errors are of less importance than they might otherwise have been. Still, they mar the book.

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to, until I've visited Disneyland myself--this remains powerful, fundamental criticism. What Schickel is saying here is that Audio-Animatronics reduces life to a trick, thereby robbing both life and death of their significance, and so their terror and promise. Disney too often used technology to seal off life's

possibilities instead of broadening them.

Disney was taking on his largest project of all at the time of his death, the enormous Disney World development in Florida. But I wonder--there's a vital difference between this project and Disney's others to date. Disney World will not be just an amusement park, but home for thousands of people. There, the Disney organization will be dealing with matters central to the lives of many people, not peripheral to them, as the Disney entertainments have been. Nowhere have I seen any mention of how Disney World's experimental city is to be governed. It would be ironic if this glossiest and most advanced of cities were to be just another company town. Had Walt Disney lived, it would have been interesting to see how he handled the situation.

(One consequence of the Disney organization's entrance into such projects, and of the conflicts that are bound to follow, may be that the company will lose more of the genial image it has acquired over the years. That may make it easier to evaluate Walt Disney purely as a movie-maker, without the burden of all the myths that have accumulated around Walt Disney Productions. Perhaps the day will come soon when a Disney movie can be discussed simply as a movie, and not praised or scorned as a contribution to the cause of decency.)

The condemnation of Disneyland is the emotional heart of Schickel's book; everything that comes before builds toward that, and builds quite well, as Schickel establishes Disney in the line of American tinkerers like Edison and Ford. Because of Disney Productions' refusal to co-operate with him, much of the book is drawn from previously published sources, mortared together with interpretations drawn from a variety of authors in other fields. All this outside help sometimes weights the book down, but seldom seriously. For the most part, Schickel is commendably cautious in drawing conclusions about Disney's personality, which gives his final assessments of the man and his works greater weight. There are exceptions, but generally we're spared psychoanalysis of Disney and offered only hypotheses about the way his mind most likely worked. The writing is smooth and persuasive, like the best magazine writing, and only rarely does Schickel slip into cliches or sloppy writing. At one point, he does make the silly statement that the Seven Dwarfs were given "infinitely" more footage than Snow White herself; "infinitely" is not yet that flexible a word, happily. Schickel also refers to the "austere intellectuality" of Bach, which is simply ignorant. But such lapses into cocktail-party tinkle are rare. THE DISNEY VERSION's defects run much deeper.

Schickel devotes considerable space to Disney's childhood and young adulthood, demonstrating convincingly how Disney's attitudes

were shaped in those years to the pattern of the Middle West. "The quality of his sensibility, of his fancies and fantasies, even the means of his later success and the measures he applied to it, remained the most practical and the most obvious ones he observed in Kansas City in particular and the Midwest in general. ... In short, Disney was not an exceptional young man, and his discontent was not with the system but with the failure of his family to rise within it." Disney's three years in Kansas City, Schickel says, were "not a struggle for artistic expression but rather a struggle for commercial stability." The struggle had its origins in Disney's childhood, which as Schickel reports it was a classic case of all work and no play, and continued through Disney's life, even when "stability" was too mild a word to apply to the success of the Disney operation.

But from this Schickel leaps to a non sequitur that seriously damages the book: Walt Disney was an entrepreneur; therefore he could not have been an artist. More precisely, Walt Disney could not have been artist because he thought and behaved like an entrepreneur, and not like an artist.

Schickel quotes Disney on his most rewarding experience: "The whole damn thing. The fact that I was able to build an organization and hold it..." Schickel notes that these words don't "bear much resemblance to anything we might expect from an artist looking back over his career. They represent, instead, the entrepreneurial spirit triumphant."

Again, discussing Disney's treatment of Igor Stravinsky during the preparation of "Fantasia": "Had Disney actually possessed the soul of an artist...he could not have treated Stravinsky as he did and he would approached the entire 'Fantasia' project in a different spirit."

Again: "In retrospect, the three years in Kansas City seem to have been a last chance for him as an artist. Had they been less harassed and desperate, it is possible, just barely possible--that he might have been able to integrate into a unique artistic personality the ego so badly shredded in his loveless, rootless childhood. Instead, he adopted, with very little need of modification, a prevalent mass style--that of the go-getter--and then he got out to get."

There is more, in the same vein. Even when Disney is at one point, "talking like an artist," that's all it is, talk.

Schickel goes beyond this measurement of Disney's personality

(Continued on Page 63.)

THE GREATEST ANIMATOR

THE ORIGINS OF THE AMERICAN ANIMATED FILM. A three-part series, shown February 6, 7, and 8 at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City, and repeated February 9, 10, and 11. Programs I and III consisted of 15 cartoons each, and Program II of 16 cartoons, all made in 1930 or earlier by such pioneers as J. S. Blackton, J. Randolph Bray, Winsor McCay, Raoul Barre, Rube Goldberg, Pat Sullivan, Bud Fisher, Walt Disney, Max Fleischer, Earl Hurd, Paul Terry, Walter Lantz, et al.

One clear conclusion that I can draw after seeing these three programs is that Winsor McCay must be the greatest animator who ever lived. It's a shame that he's remembered primarily for "Gertie the Trained Dinosaur" (c. 1909), since "Gertie" is nothing compared to the other films shown at the Museum. More interesting was "Little Nemo," made around 1910, about a year after "Gertie." As in "Gertie," most of the action is "live," with McCay's fellow cartoonists betting him that he can't do the drawings necessary for animation in a month. Though the tone of the film is humorous throughout, one gets the impression that McCay actually drew every frame of his cartoons himself. After all, anyone who can do a full-page cartoon every day should be able to dash off animation on the side. "Little Nemo" is as simple as "Gertie," but McCay tries a number of tricks: The characters somersault, stretch like funhouse mirrors, form themselves from fragmented stars, etc. It is as though McCay were flexing muscles previously unknown; the animation is fully developed and flawless. In these and in the more complex "How a Moskito Operates" (c. 1912) (which is rather horrifying in its realism, as McCay sometimes is), every frame was completely drawn by hand, the backgrounds as well as the figures. The other three McCay cartoons shown had the use of cels and utilized extremely complex backgrounds, sometimes in a very detailed wash. "The Pet" (c. 1917) featured an animal that grew and grew until it was devouring trolley cars. "Bug Vaudeville" (c. 1917) was just that--a number of very realistic-looking bugs doing tumbling, bicycle acts,etc., on a stage. These two were made after McCay's "Dreams of a Rarebit Fiend" series, as was "The Flying House" (c. 1916), the most remarkable cartoon of those shown. In it, a man tries to move his house to get away from high interest rates. It featured some pretty fancy flying, as well as a developed sense of timing in the dialogue scenes (the dialogue is shown in balloons above the heads of the characters).

(Continued on Page 68.)

Q&A

The numbers in parentheses before each question and each answer identify the question and the issue in which it first appeared. For example, Question 11-84 is the eighty-fourth question asked since this series began; it was first asked in this, the eleventh issue of FUNNYWORLD.

Questions on comic books, animated cartoons and comic strips (and related matters) are invited. Except as noted, the questions and answers are mine.

---MIKE BARRIER

QUESTIONS

(11-84) From ROGER BRAND: Re: Bob Clampett's original (hand puppet) "Time for Beany": How much did Stan Freberg have to do with it, besides being "Cecil the Seasick Sea Serpent"? Was he one of the writers? Wasn't Daws Butler on the show also?

(11-85) From CHARLES BURTON: Did Pat Sullivan draw the FELIX THE CAT comics for Dell in the late '40s and early '50s?

(No. Sullivan died in 1932.)

(11-86) From CHARLES BURTON: I've heard much speculation about the Golden Age of superhero comics. What do you consider to be the Golden Age of "funny-animal" comics? I say it's 1944-1954.

(I'll go along with that...or 1943-1953.)

(11-87) From CHARLES BURTON: Do you think that "funny-animal" comics will be produced much longer? I thought that a comic had to sell 300,000 copies to be profitable and most "funny-animal" comics I've seen have a circulation below this.

(The 300,000 figure is inaccurate, I'm sure; for Gold Key, 200,000 or thereabouts seems to be the magic number, and it's lower for other publishers. The circulations of most GK humor comics have climbed in the last year, despite the higher price, so I'm sure they'll be around for a while.)

(11-88) From ANDY ZERBE: In what issues of THE FUNNIES did Gene Autry appear?

(11-89) From ANDY ZERBE: I understand that there were two different Gene Autry syndicated strips. When did they start and end?

(11-90) From ANDY ZERBE: When did the Roy Rogers syndicated strip start? Is it still running?

(11-91) From RICHARD SMALL: In regard to the DELL JUNIOR TREASURY comic, published in the '50s, how many issues were there, and what stories were featured? Who were the artists and what were the dates of the comic?

(There were 10 issues, the first two dated June and August 1955, and then quarterly, starting with No. 3, January 1956. The first issue was a reprint of Disney's ALICE IN WONDERLAND, Four Color No. 331, 1951. Anyone have any more information?)

(11-92) From ED PIPPIN: Who drew the story for MICKEY MOUSE No. 50 titled "The Black Feather Baffler" and the "Li'l Bad Wolf" story in the same issue?

(11-93) From ED PIPPIN: What is the significance of the "313" on the car plates and in some of the addresses in the Donald Duck stories?

ANSWERS

(5-26) BARNEY BEAR AND BENNY BURRO

For what I've learned so far about these characters' cartoon appearances, see "The Merriest of Melodies" in this issue.

(9-63) CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S ORIGIN

JOHN FAWCETT has supplied the answer to his own question; Captain Midnight's origin was in THE FUNNIES No. 57.

(10-72) THE CREATION OF DAISY AND THE NEPHEWS

From BOB HAY: I asked Carl Barks when Donald's nephews came about, and he said, "There is no story about the beginning of Huey, Dewey and Louie. They were dreamed up by some gagmen in the story department at Disney's animation studio in 1936."

(10-73) THE TOM MIX COMIC-BOOK ARTIST

From ROGER BRAND: Carl Pfeuffer.

LETTERS

From MAGGIE THOMPSON: I find some philosophies on Barks becoming pervasive (through "Lord of Quackly Hall" and "Ye Cats!") which I find simply untenable on examination of his works.

First and foremost, there seems to be an intense desire to classify the ducks politically--to call Barks a conservative, an unconscious liberal, or whatever. I cannot see how this possibly helps an artistic or social discussion of his work. I'm somewhat liberal in political view, yet I can't think offhand of any of his views as shown in the strip which offend me or which do not jibe to a greater or lesser extent with mine. But I'm sure there are conservatives in the same position. And we wrap ourselves in controversy over political aspects which just are not there, as pervasive, driving forces.

Because Barks is dealing with individuals, and if he bothers at all with politics it is as it affects the individual--and it can be liberal or conservative, it doesn't matter. "Politics" exists as a force, not as a philosophy.

Second, in Eng we find another example of knocking "In Old California"--with the profound comment that the author didn't like it when a kid and doesn't like it now (thus proving his wisdom and taste as a kid). I overstate that case--but I don't overstate when I say that I adored that story as a child--and I still love it. It's a beauty of a story. No, it is not of a type with the other duck stories, though it has touches of some of them. Its point is nostalgia and beauty of another world and loss and the new world in the old--and all that sort of thing. And its "thrill of the locale" was enormously sharp. The ending weak? Maybe. The only-a-dream bit is stale, yes--but the effect given is that it may not have been exactly a time travel story, but a parallel worlds one--someplace in the universe, that old world still exists and the fiestas and the love and the peace are there. And we can still, through occasional rare chances, touch it. If we can't touch it, we can touch symbols of it, locales that have known both worlds. So we'll dance up to the hacienda one more time and say that we still love the old, though we may be a part of the new.

Hell, it's one of Barks' most memorable stories. And, even if you carp, I don't think you can deny that.

Third, there's an unjustified knocking of Scrooge. It's possible that someone who read only his later adventures might

see him as shallow. But if you read Barks as a continuing saga--which is, by golly, the best way to read him--you never forget that behind the crusty gent with a love for money there is the duck who fought for every penny of it, to whom each cent is a personal friend. Scrooge has depths, after all, which were worthy of evoking a couple of stories of real emotion which make him a Character forevermore. "Only a Poor Old Man" and the horseradish story both go to making an unforgettable character who can never after them be dismissed as a stereotype or a trivial duck. "When Scrooge suffers or exults, you just can't feel as excited." Oh, so? I can still choke up and at times I have difficulty in keeping back tears of love and pride in and amusement at the ending to "Only a Poor Old Man." If you can't empathize with <u>that</u>, you're lacking.

Fourth, and most importantly, there is a limited and limiting view of Donald which I find simply incredible. Especially throughout Eng's discussions, we find mention of Donald as being "below even minimal responsibility," "the typical unemployable," and the like. Donald is seen by many fans to be merely a buffoon caught up in circumstances perpetually beyond him. But there are <u>three</u> distinct types of Donald story: Donald as buffoon
Donald as average-type character in an adventure
Donald as the supreme competent
The last-named has been so systematically ignored it is amazing. But he has been the Very Best as well as the Fumble-fingered Worst. He couldn't bake a loaf of bread to save him, no. But he was the best damned rainmaker in the world. Anybody could sneak by him as a border guard. But he was a demolition expert who couldn't be bested, even by Old Indomitable.

It was Donald, <u>not</u> the kids, who captured the Ghost of the Grotto--and right handily he did it, too.

So let's not hear any more of those one-sided view of the Duck of Ducks, thank you very much. Hardly the "lifelong loser."

Finally, there is a theme which tends to be slighted throughout Barks' work. It is a didactic theme--in fact, Barks is one of the most didactic of writers while almost always avoiding being preachy. It is inherent in almost everything he did and is a message basic to kids--YOU MUST BE HONEST AND POSSESS INTEGRITY AND MORALITY <u>NO MATTER WHAT</u>. It isn't the point of his works that the rest of the world is bad or sad or futile or trivial. The point is that <u>you mustn't be</u> those things, no matter how many others seem to be. There <u>are</u> rewards for morality, be they money or happiness; and we're shown over and over and over again that the latter doesn't necessarily equal the former--or vice versa.

The comment is not that the rest of the world is vicious, because you're not reading for what happens to the rest of Barks' created world. It's the <u>ducks</u> who count. We never see the good moments that his bad characters may have--and even the ducks have their occasional bad moments. But we're concentrating on the ducks

and <u>their</u> learning. And don't tell me they never meet any other "good" characters; if you can't find any besides the ducks, you're not paying attention. What we see is that there's a world of people in which we all must live. There are good people in it. There are bad people in it. Some of the bad people are getting ahead. Some of the good people are having problems. But, damn it, in the long run, it's the good people, the people with integrity all the time, the people who are true to themselves, who have the capacity for being deeply happy.

And to discount the rest of the Barks-created world as stupid or bad or evil or ugly is to be ignoring huge parts of it. Yes, it is foolish--as are we all, from time to time. But not the nasty place Eng would seem to have it.

And hating the collective spirit? Liking the Woodchucks only as much as the Beagle Boys? Boy Scouts (read "Woodchucks") taught by adults to covet awards, not the self-esteem of performance? It is clear, sir, that Mr. Eng has never been a Woodchuck.

To Say that Barks' happiness has come from "good luck or intuition," when he has <u>taught</u> us for <u>years</u> <u>how</u> to be happy is ridiculous and just a bit insulting. It is clear that his happiness was not obtained so cheaply--and any happiness we may have owes just a little bit to him. For which we thank him.

STEVE ENG replies: Mrs. Thompson's letter is one more proof of Barks' power over his original readers, for it sounds quite angry. Which is healthy, till it urges censorship ("let's not hear any more of those one-sided views") from an alleged liberal, and words like "insulting" and "ridiculous," which cannot be answered, of course.

Actually, much of what I wrote you in letters I misstated, or Mrs. Thompson misread. I remarked my "impression" that Barks in his own mind was conservative, but that is all it is, based on the stories, which may contain proofs <u>and</u> rebuttals to my point.

But my larger point was, that Barks concentrates on the individual, not on collective ideas; and thus he <u>is</u> apolitical, as most great artists are. Indeed, my point was that politics were <u>not</u> pervasive, but that individual emotion was. Politics, religion, economics--these are lenses by which we view society collectively, and I don't think any of us quite escape thinking about society these ways. But those of us that would rather think about individuals need a point of reference, and some religion, some psychology, and some literature gives a point of reference.

Barks dislikes institutions, or at least is amused by most of them--and what institution (even "Funnydom") likes to be laughed at? I can't think of very many institutions that escape his wit. Barks doesn't knock boy scouts, who are boys just out for

a good time or joy of achievment, but Boy Scouts competing for medals to appease adults...doesn't Donald want them to win, by hook or crook?

"There seems to be an intense desire to classify the ducks politically," writes Mrs. Thompson. Hardly; I thought that I made the same point she is making: That Barks cares not for collective situations, solutions, only for individual. So what "controversy over political aspects" can there be? Barks is apolitical--by default, since he does not discuss the issues of society at all, really.

Mrs. Thompson says we should read Scrooge as a continuing saga--yet the examples she chooses of emotionally involving stories, which certainly grip me, too, are at the start of the saga. My point remains: After proving to us what the money means to Scrooge, there is little left but to show him gaining more, or defending what he has. As a saga Scrooge wears thin.

Donald is a loser by standards of current society--whch are money standards, those of his rich uncle--and this saddens Barks, and, hopefully, us. Donald of course is brilliant in crises and unusual circumstances. Like a kid, he dreams of glory while putting up with boring trivia like earning a nine-to-five living. Again, my opinion of Donald is fairly near Mrs. Thompson's--that is, a character who functions well in extreme situations. But he is a failure at menial jobs--"below minimal employability," I said, which is true, and not "minimal responsibility" as Mrs. Thompson misquotes. Though responsibility in this society equates with money, employment.

I agree with Mrs. Thompson's "YOU MUST BE HONEST" version of Barks' message. Though I disagree that it necessarily makes you happy or that Barks thinks so; I think Barks didn't tell us why we should be honest. It's its own reward and its own punishment --but somehow, mystically almost, it is a duty with Barks and his ducks.

The problem may be that I am not a comics fan as such. I don't react to the stories with much reverence, then; nor do I see them as pleasant portions of a larger hobby, insulated from other hobbies. Rather, I see them competing (without excuse for being comics) against other literature.

This should certainly disconcert Carl Barks, who wrote the comics to children, though possibly for himself. The young readers and the author probably never consciously related the stories too directly to the outer world; certainly thinking is not as important as feeling, in enjoying art. Especially humorous art.

But young readers eventually grow...and the most vivid reading of their lives--childhood reading--is tested against the world they grow into. What may embarrass us as adults, or at least surprise us, is that comics published for small children test so true, against our adult experience. The fact has probably startled their author, who was long ignorant of the wide and deep im-

But since the impact was deep, I question how it was made. Especially since some of the stories were so successful. Yet their very success makes other good stories seem poor by contrast. The very fact that we loved some stories so well must tell Barks that some others disappointed us...though that isn't his fault or ours.

Anyway, Barks' best stories are not just nostalgia to me or something I enjoy "collecting" (collecting is a big bother) but something real and current--or timeless. And the impact was deep enough to bear examining. All that matters is that we accurately report the different impacts the stories had upon us--and if we're curious, ask "how" it happened.

The Barks stories were universal enough, classless enough, to reach kids who've obviously grown into many different kinds of adults. But as kids, we may have felt that anyone who loved those stories (or wrote them) was "just like us." Now we realize instead of just having a personal impact on a few, the artist-author was affecting many kids personally--kids quite different from one another. Growing up and finding this out may be a little surprising. Happily, the universality of Barks' work will keep his work (and opinions on it) from being the property of a few. He is too strong an author to be killed by a cult. Though it may disconcert Barks the man, and some of his fans, to hear other people comparing his best and worst work with other great literature, and against life as they experience it, at least none of the ducks should squawk (except maybe Daisy).

From JOHN BENSON: The letters column seems mainly to be taken up with the WITZEND controversy, and the "free" work of Wood, Ditko, Kane, etc., controversy. They're separate controversies and need to be approached separately.

WITZEND has more than one function, or at least did have under Wood's editorship. One is to print great but previously unpublished material that has been sitting around. This has included work by Frazetta, Elder, Wood, Crandall and Williamson. This has put WITZEND under fire as a "scrapbook." But most of this type of material is of a quality that if any fan saw it sitting around, he'd eclaim, "Hey, wow! Why doesn't somebody print that?" And now they're complaining because Wally did it. Incidentally, WITZEND has finally gotten permission to reprint the never-published EC 3-D story by Wally.

A second, and sometimes the stated, function of WITZEND is to publish the "free" material of professional comic artists, as Alain Resnais described it in a letter to the magazine. Regardless of what you may think of the results, I think it's important to have an outlet for this kind of material, and WITZEND seems to be the only outlet around. I enjoy most of this type of material,

and I'd like to see more professional comic artists contribute on this basis. Gray Morrow has just completed a rather remarkable 10-page story done especially for WITZEND, incidentally. It's certain to cause some comment.

A third function is to provide an outlet for comic experimentation for professionals not in the field. The contributions of this sort by Gaughan, Goodwin and Jaf have all been extremely interesting pieces. And again, where else could they have appeared? WITZEND has also published the work of the new breed of fan-pros; Spiegelman, Brand and Bode, for example.

It can be seen that WITZEND has truly been a magazine of no editorial policy at all, and as such is bound to be uneven, but also as such has a touch of excitement and freedom that I rather like. All of the criticisms that have been leveled at the magazine so far have failed, because each criticism pretends to address itself to the magazine as a whole (which doesn't exist) but actually picks on only one aspect of it. A valid criticism could be made that the Wood "no-policy" non-editorial attitude was not a very good way to run a magazine, but no one's said that. Well, granted, it's not a good way, but it's interesting to watch one magazine try.

The other question is why this "free" work (including SAVAGE, now) deals so heavily with the raw elements of fantasy. Well, first of all, it's plainly obvious that the Code had nothing to do with it--just look back at what these fellows were doing before the Code for years; it was the same excessive sort of fantasy.

In the Gil Kane interview (which may yet someday be published in ALTER EGO), Gil goes into detail on this subject. "There isn't any one of us, not even the mildest guy in the field, who comes to this field for any other reason except for the fact that the field releases all these suppressed fantasies," he says at one point.

In fact, that's the heart of it. We're interested in the comics as "art." But the artists are apparently more interested in comics as fantasy. So when they get the freedom, they run to fantasies, not to new artistic experiments. The "artists" in the field, Krigstein, Eisner, Kurtzman (to an extent)--they've left the field. The ones left are, in a real sense, hooked.

When reading George Gale's column, one has to realize that it appeared in a country that not only has censorship, but restricts the showing of horror films and other violent films strictly to adults, and even then sometimes cuts or bars them completely. (I believe that "Black Sunday" is still banned in England.) As a ninth grader in England, I told my classmates that these "X" certificate films were mainly shown to youngsters in the States; their response was, "That's the horrible bloodthirsty U.S.A." I found out that the kids <u>themselves</u> were far more bloodthirsty, which may or may not bear out the theory that kids who act violent fantasies through the screen and page are better adjusted.

Actually, any critic who says he'd rather see sex than violence on the screen earns a little of my respect right there. The cut Gale mentions (in "Puss & Krem"), for its sheer stupid prudery, would outrage me, too, were I in London.

I recall some unpleasant moments when I first saw "Snow White." But actually, the single most unpleasant, no, horrible movie experience of my childhood was provided by Disney. When I used to visit my grandfather, he read me Uncle Remus stories in a gruff voice from a gigantic book. Those were some of the earlier childhood stories that I remember, and when he had gone through all of them he'd start again with my favorites. As I recall, there'd be a paragraph or two at the beginning of each story about Uncle Remus' gathering the kids around him, and then the story would take off into the world of Br'er Rabbit and the briar patch.

So I looked forward very much to "Song of the South," which was one of the first films I saw--all of my favorite characters would be running around in a movie. Well, of course Disney had to crap it up with what I remember clearly as a godawful story. I kept thinking, "But this isn't in the book," and I tried to enjoy the animated sequences, but I couldn't really, knowing that some more of that nightmare story was going to return after the animation. I remember most clearly the absolutely sickening feeling I had when I saw the bull charging toward Bobby Driscoll and he didn't; he was blissfully unaware, and tragedy was approaching... I've always hated Disney for that scene.

One of my favorite pieces in Kurtzman's TRUMP was Ed Fisher's "Hansel and Gretel" (beautifully rendered with real "cels" by Wood). A climax comes when, threatened by a sadistic forester and hideous hobgoblin trees of a midnight windstorm, "children mercifully faint." Fisher was on to what Disney was all about.

Well, at least some of what Disney was all about.

I haven't been reading any new comics recently; they've been piling up like bad weeds. I've been reading recent acquisitions of old material. Much of it has been Barks and Eisner, but I've found a great deal of unexpected pleasure in a partial set of OUR GANG COMICS. I hadn't known that Barney Bear was in that title, though I knew Barks had done the strip. Well, they were nice, of course, but I was completely unprepared for Walt Kelly's "Our Gang" strip. What a wealth of characters, and so richly drawn! This strip had the wacky plots of the best of the POGO comics, with thrills and pathos blended in. Wow! And the characters and the sub-plots wove in and out from one issue to another, which is great.

One thing I especially liked was Kelly's development of his characters purely through his rendering of their faces. One has only to look at Janey, for example, to see a bright and unagressive tomboy who'll be able to take on feminine qualities with no difficulty when she grows older. And those crooks--dumb but

"honest" sidekicks with noses broken by hard knocks, vicious kingpins with flashy ties; the faces tell you as much of their character as the plot.

And in fact I think very few comic artists give much attention to, or have much gift for, this vital aspect. Many comic artists don't even change the expression on their characters' faces, let alone change the features from one to another. I can hardly think of another artist with the spectrum that Kelly used in these stories.

I recall recently reading (I believe in an old RAMPARTS) an article by someone who said he used to be classified as an extreme conservative and is now thought to be a left winger, yet he hasn't changed his stated views at all. He called himself a libertarian, I think, and stood for freedom of the individual against socialism. Still interested in civil liberties, he's now classed as a liberal.

Well, there's a lot of that old-line conservatism in Barks; the good part of conservatism, if I may put it that way. This comment is brought out by Eng's notes, which I thought were extremely penetrating. He convinced me (as your "Lord of Quackly Hall" did not) that the Donald stories were so much better than the Scrooge stories.

Barks always created his stories by using real places, objects and events as story props. The story itself often arises from these things; they are not merely "McGuffins." I think this is what adds such a strong element of realism to his stories. It also makes them funnier; humor based on the frustration that inanimate objects bring is only funny if the writer is intimately familiar with the characteristics of the inanimate objects. Otherwise it becomes cliche. When reading some of Barks' shorter, and later, stories, one can almost see him poring over his encyclopedias and GEOGRAPHICs until he came across a description of something that suggested a plot to him. Of course, the ones where this is obvious are not the best stories, but they're a hell of a lot better than some other things he might have done.

As a matter of fact, I think that Barks' work is rather poor when he tries to take on pure fantasy. I have an active dislike for Magica de Spell; the stories where the ducks went to the moon and such never appealed to me, and even some of his made-up races, like the undersea kingdoms that Scrooge finds, seem very minor. When he just "made up" stories in a fantasy vein, they were never as good as the ones in which he used realistic story props.

One of the things that fascinates me about Barks' stories is that he made absolutely no concessions to the fact that his ducks are ducks. You could draw all his characters as people and the stories would make as much sense. In fact, when he does make an occasional reference to webbed feet or something like that, it's almost jarring.

I recall looking with contempt at the English comics in 1954.

They were all about school children, whereas the comics I was used to were about adults! I tried to explain this, but nobody believed me when I started to talk about Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse.

Surely the point of the song is that it goes, "I wear my green fedora for Dora, for Dora is the one girl that I love." I never heard it; it just seems to make sense that way.

(Well, no. You're supposed to <u>hear</u> the song this way: "I wear my green fedora, fedora, for Dora is the one girl that I love." Then you realize that the second "fedora" is actually "f'Dora." Clever, clever.)

From ROGER BRAND: A few comments about SAVAGE! Gil and the co-writer--and everyone else working on it--put it together in exactly 28 days. It was being written as the pages were being drawn, to a plot outline written by neither Gil nor the co-writer. The situation, of course, was that circumstances had delayed production until shortly before it was to go to press...as it was, the deadline was extended about three weeks. I personally disagree with the overwhelmingly negative criticism that it has received (feeling as I do that the violence in SAVAGE! was never in excess of that amount demanded by the different parts of the story), but Gil would be the first to agree that the over-all story line was erratic and unbalanced. But that was beyond changing by the time production finally started. I urge anyone looking at it to appraise it (including the violence) in terms of the dramatic development of its <u>separate</u> parts.

A lot was learned from the first issue. It <u>was</u> overwritten (though not to the absurd degree Richard Kyle suggests), and the words and pictures, too often, were poorly co-ordinated... as, especially, in the fast action sequences. And the panels, in terms of both pacing and page design, were too uniformly small. Some larger pictures were needed, a la Kurtzman, whose war stories, though they adhered absolutely to a three-layer panel division on each page, were punctuated by panels, every now and then, that reached the <u>width</u> of the page. Also, in SAVAGE! the absence of heavy blacks, coupled with the extensive use of ben-day, tended to make the pages look monotonously gray.

All these lessons were noted, and, as deeply as possible, learned. No one expected the first issue to be flawless. But, unfortunately, the first was the only issue. SAVAGE! scared a lot of people...and it never got on the stands. The vast majority of copies came back as prematures...wound up in the warehouse, the boxes never opened.

FREDERIC WERTHAM IS ALIVE AND WELL IN SAN FRANCISCO! HO HO HO! I was amused to read that I am a pervert! I shouldn't stoop to defending myself, but I can't resist. I have never drawn anything like the""bondage shots" in "Virtue Ever Triumph-

ant!"...or almost any sex shots...without laughing at them and usually at myself. If "Virtue" (regardless of the quality of the thing, which is another matter, and which I won't defend...it's up to anyone to decide, and I never considered it to be a story of any special consequence) was taken to be anything but a parody (of myself, as well as of anything else) in all its elements... language, plot, characterization, and most certainly, just such elements as the "bondage shots" (even, for that matter, the drawing and inking style, which is completely foreign to me)...then I don't know where I failed. In any case, concluding that it is simply unconscious fetishism--especially in its context--is akin to Werthan's implying that Woody was a racist on the basis of specifically anti-prejudice stories that dealt with race prejudice.

I'm afraid that the day of vigilante sidewalk psychoanalysts is nowhere near past. For cryin' out loud, George!

Anyhow, FUNNYWORLD is the berries!

From DAVE ESTRADA: Contrary to your statement in the letters section of FW 10, Steve Ditko does not reject the notion that human behavior is often ambiguous. The fact that it is, is one of the reasons for the "Mr. A" strip. Within the context of his stories he is examining this fact and questioning it. He recognizes that simply because most people do hold confused, contradictory and fluctuating values, this is not necessarily the way it should be or has to be. He is trying to show an alternative to the moral chaos of today's society. The alternative he accepts is, as you have recognized, Ayn Rand's Objectivism. However, I'm sure Steve doesn't consider himself any kind of official spokesman for Miss Rand. He is simply writing his stories within the consistent and rational philosophical framework of Objectivism, which he accepts. His stories center primarily on the area of moral judgment, which is an important issue, but by no means is the totality of Miss Rand's philosophy. I understand he is going to be doing some other features which may concentrate on different issues.

George Metzger's comments on Ditko were sort of amusing. Steve is not a "product" of his society any more than Metzger himself is. Both are intelligent, free human beings who choose to accept different views of man and life. Frankly, I think that Metzger has a closer alliance with today's culture than Ditko does. This may not be evident right now because, as I said, Steve has not handled issues other than moral judgment, but when he does I think you'll see what I mean.

From MATT ROSENBLATT: Steve Eng has evidently done a lot of thinking about Barks and his ducks. He makes a solid case for Barks' cynicism, realism, and conscious conservatism, a case supported in

most places by just the right citations from the artist's work.

Usually, when I am talking about Barks' cynicism, I get around to "The Great Wig Mystery," in UNCLE SCROOGE No. 52. Toward the end, the villainous Scalpnick has thrown first Donald and then Scrooge into a whirlpool, only to land there himself, thanks to the kids, with such force that the two ducks are thrown clear. Asking the ducks to save him, Scalpnick promises that he will be a good guy, whereupon Scrooge warns his nephews, "Don't you believe him, kids! There's no such thing as a bad guy turning good." Through an incredible oversight, I never noticed the similarity between this story and the horseradish yarn Steve Eng mentions. If the later story is a reworking of the earlier, as it almost certainly must be, then the line above indicates that even if Barks did not become more cynical with time, he became more explicitly cynical. McSue makes no promises to the ducks, and subsequently fails in his attempt to throw them into the water; Scalpnick not only breaks his word but succeeds where McSue failed. Scrooge's softness in saving McSue would have resulted in the loss of the McDuck fortune, were it not for the nephews' foresightedness in tying the horseradish to the raft, or in the ducks' drowning, were it not for Donald's fighting spirit. The same softness eleven years later toward Scalpnick would have led to the same results, but here it is only brute, blind luck that saves the ducks. Of course, not Barks, nor Scrooge, nor we are going to let "even a rat" drown, but was not Barks moving in that direction, at least?

A similar case could be made for Barks' conservatism either increasing or growing more explicit (or, more explicitly political) over the years, especially in the '60s.

There are several parts of Steve Eng's comments with which I disagree, however, especially those which are not documented. For one thing, Daisy is not what he called her--but I said enough about Daisy last year, except for this: In how many stories does Donald sit home waiting for Daisy to call? For another thing, the Junior Woodchucks of the World do not teach kids to covet awards rather than the self-esteem of performance. The awards are present, yes, especially in the first few Woodchuck stories, but it is not for any medal that Huey, Dewey and Louie bring Daisy her lost letter through the snow (WALT DISNEY'S COMICS No. 150), or out-calculate Professor Brainwhiz to save the Limited from collision with a runaway locomotive (WDC 195). The kids go all-out in the bridge-building contest with the Chickadee Patrol (WDC 181)--is this for a measly quart of medals, or for the self-esteem of Woodchuckism? The same goes for the tracking story in WDC 227: "Junior Woodchucks don't <u>use</u> bloodhounds to track lost people!" "We track by <u>skill</u> alone!" Maybe Barks did have little respect for the Woodchucks, who are, after all, a parody, but Woodchuckism is not the place to look for his cynicism.

Also, I cannot agree that Donald Duck's unemployability

would land him on welfare in real life. Take any self-made businessman, the kind of individualist Barks respects, and see how he would adjust to the "nine-to-five life of the 'good citizen.'" It does not follow that because one is unsuited to a job skimming scum off the vats at the vinegar works, or peeling potatoes in a hotel, he will wind up on welfare. Indeed, there are several stories that begin with Donald as a successful entrepreneur: Expert mover, master rainmaker, diver, barber. Sure, he makes a mess of things in the story, but how did he get to be an expert or master in the first place, if he is the type of duck who would become a public charge?

Was Walt Disney a hack, or was he a genius? And if he was a genius, why is Chuck Jones reluctant to compare him to Richard Wagner? I used to be a fan of Wagner--in fact, I once broadcast his entire Ring cycle on one marathon radio program--and whenever Stan Lee's Thor bashes the bad guys with his hammer, Wagner's thunder-god music pops into my head. My guess is that the relationship of Disney to animation will in the long run correspond not to Wagner's relationship to music, but to that of a considerably greater composer.

From RICHARD KYLE: Barks' cover is a wonderful companion piece to the COMIC ART drawing. And John Fawcett's back cover is a fine, fine piece of work, one that evokes many great memories.

The London DAILY MIRROR item by George Gale--printed, alas, on my birthday--isn't without substance. The "Evil Queen sequence" wasn't especially traumatic for me, but the scene in which the hunstsman attempts to kill Snow White surely was. I can still recall my anguish as I turned away from the screen and then looked compulsively back again, unable to endure either knowing or not knowing. That was more than thirty years ago. Last year, I saw the movie for the second time, and I was dumbfounded to discover that the attempt on her life and Snow White's subsequent flight through the forest are really very, very brief episodes. Disney was evidently aware of the impact the sequence would have, but I don't believe he was conscious of its magnitude.

Someday, however, "Snow White" will be appreciated for what it really is, an adult motion picture.

The concluding part of Chuck Jones' talk was outstanding.

Steve Eng's comments on Barks are very perceptive. However, I think it must be kept in mind that Donald and Uncle Scrooge and Gyro Gearloose are not wholly independent personalities. Each is a part of Barks. (Indeed, Gyro <u>is</u> the creative aspect of Barks.)

"Fearless Fang" is not really a success--sorry, Mike--but it may develop into one. The ingredients are there. Mike Barrier the script writer seems to have promising yarn in mind, and Mike Barrier the cartoonist seems to have the technical ability to draw it--but Mike Barrier the graphic story editor doesn't know

how to fuse the script and art into a single, smoothly functioning whole. Not yet, anyway.

The letters were all fascinating. I enjoyed Metzger's and all the others. Bill Spicer and I seem to be talking about two different things. I was speaking of the actual perception of physical motion--which is seen to be more rapid than it really is when it occurs outside the natural environment: That is, in the films or on TV on on the stage--rather than the total elapsed time of a story. It's probably due to "sensory starvation." Life provides us with so much more information than any of the dramatic artforms.

I think Gil Kane and the others are trapped inside the world of comics. The referents of their stories are other comic book strips, not life. It kills them.

(Richard also took issue with my comments on his "Graphic Story Review," but asked that that portion of his letter not be published. I should say, however, that my comments were in part inaccurate and ill-considered and to that extent I owe Richard an apology. I'll stand by the bulk of what I said, however.)

From BILL SPICER: I enjoyed "Fearless Fang." A story is being told, while your first version was more like a fragmented teaser. My only suggestion is to try and loosen up some on both the writing and drawing so that the story flows and moves more fluidly--fewer static panels,not quite as much dialogue in each panel, and more of a sense of movement, advancement, from one panel to the next. Also, I think I'd rather see the strip done four rows deep, per page, instead of three; there seems to be a little too much wide open space in those big panels, an effect that may be heightened by the use of a thin-line Rapidograph pen that doesn't allow thick-and-thin inking. The impression I have is that of being a bit too far away from the characters all the time, the artist not letting the reader in close enough to observe the characters at vital moments where it really counts the most--which seems especially needed in an introductory episode when we're meeting the characters for the first time. The sense of movement from one panel to the next, in other words, or timing, could be sharpened up and quickened; the sequence itself, I know, is tricky to do because it's essentially two people standing around and talking--which can be sudden death if there aren't other elements going for it that focus readers' attention away from the physically static situation and onto the characters themselves. Fortunately, John Jay and Fang are introduced as fairly strong and distinctive personalities--though I think they could be stronger. (And of the two, John Jay seems to emerge as the more interesting character ...at this point at least, if not later on.)

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is sucked from a lagoon into an underwater cavern. They plug a volcano to build up pressure to blow the boat out of the cavern, and the resulting blast also leaves the lagoon and its pearl-bearing oysters high and dry. (Pages are three panels deep.)

P. SUMMER FUN

2 (84)
(August) 1959

DONALD DUCK in Jungle Hi-jinks - 14 - The nephews, using one of Gyro's cast-off cameras, are hired as cameramen for an African trip by a travel film company. Donald goes along as a bus boy. In Africa, he dresses like a wild man to give the nephews something to film. There's more action than Donald had planned when various wild animals attack him. (Art only.)
UNCLE SCROOGE and GYRO in Fun? What's That? - 10 - Scrooge and Gyro are under a doctor's orders to stop working and have fun, but whatever they try, they wind up counting money and inventing. Finally, when a camping trip is beset by various disasters, they realize that they get the most fun out of working at what they enjoy.

Q. DISNEYLAND BIRTHDAY PARTY

1 (100)
(October) 1958

UNCLE SCROOGE and GYRO - 16 (actually a segment of the story "Disneyland Birthday Party," which takes up the entire book; the Barks segment begins on the fourteenth page, not counting covers) - Scrooge and Gyro go to the moon to find a material hard enough to cut into Scrooge's new impenetrable money bin, since Scrooge has destroyed the only copy of the combination. On the moon, they find the material they want--a comet head--but are forced to jettison it on their way back to earth when their rocket catches fire. The comet head strikes the money bin, scattering Scrooge's money all over Duckburg. (Pages are three panels deep.)

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against some vague norm for that of the artist. In a comparison with Hemingway, Schickel says that Disney "lacked the necessary preparation to make good use of such opportunities as Kansas City could indeed offer the young artist. Hemingway, for example, was the scion of a comfortable and literate middle-class professional family; Disney was the son of a man whose principal preoccupation was a search for the peripheral chance, and there is no evidence that there was anyone in his family to supply either a softening or a broadening of that mean and narrow sensibility." In schooling and in every other way, then, Disney was ill-prepared to be an artist.

It's on the basis of such observations that Schickel makes statements like this one: "...the history of Disney's three-year sojourn in Kansas City...suggests that it was fatuous ever to see him as a man who prostituted an artist's potential on the altar of commerce..." Walt Disney was an entrepreneur, a go-getter, a man from a narrow and limited background...therefore he was foreclosed from a career as an artist. Artists behave like artists, think like artists, and come from backgrounds that provide opportunities for artists. Only when such tests have been met do we turn from the man to his work.

In effect, Schickel charges that Disney failed to be that Twentieth Century pest, the self-conscious artist, and so was no artist at all. Interestingly, it was when Disney tried to be an artist--and was most self-consciously "artistic" in his films--that the intellectual community took its greatest interest in him--but as Schickel knows, Disney and the intellectuals never really understood one another. Here again, Disney was only "talking like an artist."

It doesn't really make much difference what nasty things Walt Disney did to Igor Stravinsky (who is pretty nasty himself, anyway). Artists have been beastly to one another for centuries, but I doubt that until this one that many such incidents inspired speculation about whether the participants had the "souls of artists." And I'd hate to have count all the artists--writers, painters, musicians--who shaped their careers around the pursuit of the buck. Their closest spiritual kin today may be the cartoonist of the sort who favors poker and strong cigars, says that all he's trying to do is "have fun and make money," and is sometimes corrupted by small-college intellectuals.

What Schickel fails to take into account is that the technology of the animated cartoon itself may have liberated the artist in Walt Disney. Doing what Schickel calls "rationalizing the chaos

of cartoon creation" may have served as well for Disney as did a good education and a middle-class background for a writer like Hemingway. Perhaps--although it won't do to push the comparison very far--the nature of the theater liberated the artist in William Shakespeare in a similar way. As we all know, there was nothing in Shakespeare's background that fitted him to write great plays, just as there was nothing in Walt Disney's background that fitted him to produce great motion pictures.

Schickel notes that Disney "made things come out right" in his early cartoons, synchronizing sound and pictures, but he made things come out right on many levels. It's not enough to say that Disney continuously polished and improved animated cartoon technology--he had to become a better artist to fully realize the potential of that technology. Before he could impose the order he so loved, he first had to create chaos.

Chaos of character, chaos of plot, chaos of all kinds. When the chaos was most nearly complete, so then was the order Disney imposed on it of the most inspired sort. "The Band Concert," for example, and perhaps even more, "Mickey's Trailer." When, in a piece of incredible animation, the trailer is hurtling down the mountainside, narrowly escaping catastrophe at every moment, the effect is not that of a "brilliantly engineered assembly line functioning at its best," but of a grace and perfection that are simply uncanny. Here, in contrast to "Mary Poppins" and Disneyland, the technology doesn't call attention to itself; from its perfection is born perfect self-confidence.

I'm really not sure how close to the mark I've come in what I've said above. There are too many Disney cartoons I haven't seen, and too many I haven't seen recently. Moreover, the judgments on Walt Disney by the men who worked for him vary wildly. But I do believe I've come closer to the truth than Schickel has.

In any event, it seems likely that technology remained Disney's primary interest even as he was forced to become an artist to use it better, and it seems obvious that this interest eventually destroyed him as an artist, as he pushed harder for more and more realism in his cartoons. Once that realism was achieved and his animators could produce reasonable facsimiles of human beings in motion, there was nothing to force him to continue to be an artist. No more animation mountains to climb. As Schickel notes (but not quite for the right reasons), "Snow White" was the watershed. In sum, Disney's art was only incidental to the main thrust of his career. In the age of the self-conscious artist, that must be especially hard for a film critic to take.

There's another factor. Other artists have used their art as a

stepping stone to their true goals--middle-class respectability, wealth, the life of a country gentleman, whatever. They've left their art behind, many times, as they passed to something else. Disney, by contrast, built his business empire on his cartoons, even when his interest in them had waned. The cartoons are bound up tightly in that empire, so that it's more difficult to judge them apart from it. Worse they're often mangled as the Disney organization puts them to its various uses; there are Disney people with a gift for turning silk purses into sows' ears. As a result, we have crudely butchered soundtrack albums and reissued cartoons distorted for the wide screen, and even a cut-down "Sorcerer's Apprentice" on Ward Kimball's otherwise pleasant "Mickey Mouse Anniversary Show." I've even been told that in the continuing effort to keep the Disney image spotless, some old cartoons--from the early '30s and World War II--have been completely destroyed, starting with the original drawings. That sounds incredible, but not unbelievable, given the other instances of callous treatment of the great cartoons. (I'd welcome a correction, if this report is not accurate.) It's worth remembering too that Disney worked always in the public eye, and with large sums of money. It's not surprising that it has been so easy to be distracted from the merits of the cartoons.

Obviously, the way Schickel has constructed his argument, there's danger in any full-scale evaluation of the Disney cartoons, as there is not in his analysis of Disneyland. His central thesis might have collapsed if he had considered the short cartoons thoroughly. Schickel actually says remarkably little about the short cartoons, although he tells a lot about their production. Donald Duck is scarcely mentioned, and the number of short cartoons identified by title is surprisingly small. His discussions of the feature films--especially "Snow White"--sometimes promise to blossom into something more, but they never quite make it, and so we're left uncertain just what Schickel thinks about the short cartoons as a whole. But remember, Schickel has accepted Disney as what Disney himself seems to have thought he was: An entrepreneur. Disney seems to have rgarded his short cartoons as a way station to greater things. Schickel apparently goes along, although in his view Disney failed to achieve anything greater. The result in either case is to undervalue the cartoons.

So, I doubt that Schickel has tried to make his argument look better by kicking the conflicting evidence under the rug. Rather, the problem seems to be that Schickel hasn't seen enough cartoons to force him to question his assumptions about them.

For example, Schickel recognizes that Disney's push toward realism led at first to "a higher quality of work at every stage of the film-making process," but he fails to see the implications of

this. There has grown up in animation a false dichotomy between the "realism" of the Disney fairy tales and highly stylized animation of the UPA type. But what distinguished the best Disney cartoons of the '30s--and other good cartoons since--was their "realistic" animation of the unreal. This is the great middle ground of animation--the "plausible impossible," as Disney called it, where impossible characters' impossible actions are made convincing through smooth and natural movement. This is the ground occupied by the great cartoons of Disney, Avery, Jones, Clampett and all the other superb craftsmen of the '30s and '40s. And, of course, it's this ground that has been all but abandoned in recent years, so that we're left with a choice only between slow and heavy cartoons like "Winnie the Pooh and the Blustery Day" or highly artificial, snob-appeal cartoons like "Moonbird."

Along the same lines, Schickel says, "in cartoonland, no creature ever dies of the terrible hurts he endures." The answer is, of course, that in "cartoonland" the hurts aren't terrible, except in genuinely sadistic cartoons like many of the Tom and Jerrys. A sadist would find little satisfaction in a typical Disney or Warner cartoon, since the characters endure much discomfort but very little pain. Here again, Schickel has failed to see the line between the "realistic" and the convincing impossible. It's a line that, admittedly, has become blurred over the years, because in many cartoons impossible characters--talking animals, fantastically caricatured humans--move as if they were more or less real creatures. There's little or none of the shattering and reshaping of physical laws and human emotions that you find in the best animated cartoons. Somehow, these cartoons and the "realistic" cartoons have become lumped together in the public mind, perhaps because they're drawn in similar styles, if not in the same style. This is probably unavoidable. Although Schickel repeatedly attacks the Disney style of drawing, and criticizes Disney for not trying to find new and more suitable styles for the classic stories he adapted, it remains true that no other cartoon style has yet been devised that is so believable as the Disney style and its derivations. With no other cartoon style can you create a really successful illusion of three-dimensionality. Without that illusion, it's difficult to sustain interest in what's happening on the screen for more than a very brief period.

Now, of course, any attempt to create an illusion of three-dimensionality is automatically considered reactionary, even if "realistic" animation is not the goal.

Sometimes, Schickel's ignorance of cartoon history produces laughable results. He refers rather darkly to Disney's propensity for "jokes involving either an assault upon or the adoration of the posterior." I wonder what Schickel would make of "Beauty and the

Beast," a 1934 Friz Freleng cartoon that includes many views of a little girl's unadorned bottom, and closes with an iris in on her exposed buttocks. This emphasis on the rump is common to many cartoons of the period, not just Disney's. I suppose it's possible that Disney started it all, but I doubt it. The rump as a handle for low comedy surely preceded Disney by many years.

Schickel's discussion of the Warner cartoons is also somewhat curious. He finds Bugs Bunny "infinitely more versatile than any of the Disney gang, each of whom had limits... Bugs, on the other hand, could do everything." True, but Bugs did everything the same way; his attitude remained the same in every situation. Donald Duck, while capable of playing fewer roles than Bugs, could play them in far more ways, with a much wider range of feeling. His personality was more chaotic than Bugs', in other words. Donald is naturally a far more comic character than Bugs, who is too much the master of his situation to be really funny in his own right. Bugs, like all the Warner characters, is essentially a stereotyped, inflexible character, and the success of his cartoons depended on how carefully the gags were fitted to his personality. Only in Chuck Jones' cartoons--closest in spirit to the Disney cartoons of all the Warner cartoons--do the Warner characters take on some of the flexibility of the Disney characters, and then not always with the happiest results.

Schickel places a disconcerting emphasis on the verbal humor of the Warner cartoons: "The inimitable voice [of Bugs Bunny], supplied by Mel Blanc, could push home a punch line in the same deft manner that the radio comedies of the time had taught us to appreciate..." Blanc's voice is great, all right, but because of the sound of it, not because of what he's given to say. For the most part, the verbal humor of the Warner cartoons is pretty weak tea. Divorced from the drawings, it wouldn't stand comparison with the radio comedies Schickel mentions. The more verbal a Warner cartoon--or any cartoon--is, the worse the odds that it will be any good. This is especially true of Chuck Jones' cartoons, where quality and dialogue vary quite precisely in inverse proportion. Sound--including the sound of comic voices--is of course vital to a cartoon, but verbal humor usually only slows things down.

Schickel's questionable assessments extend to modern cartoons; he praises the De Patie-Freleng product, for instance, and finds this virtue in the Pink Panther: "He...lives only in and on film, never in a simulacrum of reality as the Disney gang did."

Such examples could be multiplied, but the point is made. Schickel never really faces up to the problem of evaluating the Disney cartoons, although at times he comes close, as in his perceptive

comments on "Snow White." This really isn't fatal to the book, since Schickel's conclusions about the over-all shape and meaning of Disney's career don't depend on what he says about the cartoons. But it does mean that THE DISNEY VERSION falls considerably short of the whole truth about Walt Disney and his works. The book offers carefully considered discussion of Disney the man and Disney the entrepreneur, but about Disney the artist it tells us almost nothing. For that, we must wait for another book, and more, for another writer, one who loves and understands animated cartoons as no writer has yet done.

---MIKE BARRIER

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McCay's work seems largely devoid of time-saving devices. He uses an action more than once rather infrequently; when he does, it is often a reverse action, such as lifting a hand and then letting it drop. His figures are fully three-dimensional, their clothes full of folds and details. Thus the slightest movement involves perspective changes of the most complicated sort. He never avoids a difficult movement or sequence, and so his cartoons are breathtaking to watch on a purely technical level. I don't believe there has been any finer animation since.

Several Disney cartoons from 1928 and 1929 were listed on the printed program, but not shown. The earlier Disney cartoons that were shown ("Four Musicians From Bremen," 1922; "Alice in the Wooly West," 1926) were the most uninspired and lackluster films shown during all three programs. Some of Max Fleischer's "Out of the Inkwell" cartoons were shown in place of the Disneys; they were received with applause, probably because many in the audience remembered seeing them on television when they were little.

One striking thing about these cartoons was that it seemed that every cartoon made after 1920 featured a cat--Pat Sullivan's Felix, Krazy Kat, Disney's cat, all looking and behaving exactly alike. A black cat is essentially a silhouette figure that presents no animation problems whatsoever, which probably accounts for the heavy use of such characters.

---JOHN BENSON

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If "Yellow Submarine" ever reaches Little Rock (it hadn't by late April) there'll be a review of that in the next issue.

---M. B.

(Continued from Page 12.)

shrill in their insistence that they're producing "adult" films, presumably as distinguished from the older "children's" cartoons. But only a dolt could fail to see that cartoons like Clampett's "Kittie Cornered" and Jones' "Inki and the Minah Bird" and Freleng's "Back Alley Oproar" are wholly adult. (In fact, the kids on the "Bozo" show are loud in their preference for Casper the Friendly Bedsheet and Herman and Katnip. They may be ready for Clampett and Avery by the time they're in college.) Until more animators try to build on their past, instead of cutting themselves off from it, there are going to be a lot of cartoons like John Hubley's, which offer snob appeal and little else.

Laurel and Hardy have been rescued from the slough of children's TV; perhaps it's not too much to hope that the same will be true someday of Clampett and Avery and the others. It's true that there is much "serious" interest in cartoons in Europe, but I find it difficult to take that "serious" interest very seriously. The Europeans' admiration of Tex Avery smacks of a cult,aand they evidently don't know nearly enough about some of the other major cartoon directors. A French book called LE DESSIN ANIME APRES WALT DISNEY is devoid of any references to Bob Clampett, for example, and Robert McKimson's name is spelled variously "MacKimpson" and "McKimpson." My friendly neighborhood French teacher translated the chapter on Tex Avery for me, and it is the purest lard. Even as recently as 1967, at the Expo animation festival, a whole program was devoted to Warner cartoons--but with only two from before 1950, both by Frank Tashlin (presumably because his Jerry Lewis comedies have drawn high praise from some addled French film critics). The rest were largely mediocre cartoons from the '50s and even the early '60s. I'm afraid it will be some time yet before THE FILMS OF ROBERT CLAMPETT takes its place alongside the growing number of other books on the movies.

Even though seeing these old cartoons has answered many questions I had, they've provoked almost as many. Among them:

For how long did the Warner/Schlesinger studio continue to make black-and-white cartoons? When was the first color Porky Pig cartoon made? (The earliest I can recall seeing is "Old Glory," made in 1940, but I'm sure there were color Porkys before then.) What actually was the first Porky Pig cartoon? (I've seen varying dates for this.)

Friz Freleng left Warner for a time in the late '30s to go to work for MGM; exactly when was he gone?

What has Tex Avery been doing since the closing of the MGM cartoon department?

How many cartoons were made in the Road Runner, Sheep Dog and Inki series?

When did Frank Tashlin leave the Warner studio? Did he go directly into live action directing, or work for other cartoon studios first?

Chuck Jones made a number of cartoons using two dogs as the principal characters--one small and mostly white, the other larger and mostly brown, and both with black trim. These dogs appeared in such cartoons as "Stage Fright" and "Dog Tired." Did they have names? What was the first cartoon in this series? How many cartoons were there with the two dogs, altogether?

There were at least two Dr. Seuss cartoons released by Warner --"'Neath the Bababa Tree," made by Harman and Ising in 1931, and "Horton Hatches the Egg," directed by Bob Clampett and released in 1941. Were there any other Dr. Seuss cartoons before Jones' "Grinch" in 1966? I haven't seen the 1931 cartoon; is it more recognizably "Seuss" than Clampett's cartoon (which is a rather unhappy mixture of Seuss and standard Clampett gags)?

Was there ever an MGM cartoon in which Benny Burro was given that name, or was that the invention of the publisher of OUR GANG COMICS? I've seen only two cartoons in which a Benny-type burro is used--"Little Gravel Voice" and "Prospecting Bear"--and in neither of these is the burro given a name. (He appears with Barney Bear in the latter, but not in the Barney-Benny relationship familiar in the comic books.)

In what cartoons did Yosemite Sam, Tweety and Henery Hawk first appear? Sylvester and Foghorn Leghorn seem to have evolved slowly, rather than making a distinct debut--is this correct, of or can any one cartoon be pinpointed as their first?

"A Wild Hare" is usually identified as the first Bugs Bunny cartoon--Bugs is not identified by name in that cartoon, and he is no more distinctively Bugs than is the rabbit in "Elmer's Candid Camera," a Chuck JOnes cartoon apparently made earlier the same year (1940). Jones' rabbit speaks with a more or less rural voice and is perhaps less the wise-ass than Avery's rabbit, but Avery's is as wide of the "real" Bugs as is Jones', if in a different direction. So: Why is "A Wild Hare: tabbed as the first Bugs Bunny cartoon? What cartoons with Bugs immediately followed "Wild Hare"? (Incidentally, I've heard that Chuck Jones considers "Prest-O Change-O"--a cartoon with the two dogs mentioned above--as the true origin film for Bugs Bunny. The cartoon features a white "magic rabbit" whose personality has something in common with Bugs', but whose appearance does not.)

Friz Freleng directed a Bugs Bunny cartoon called "Rhapsody Rabbit," which is highly similar to "Cat Concerto," the MGM Oscar winner in 1946. Which cartoon came first? (No copies of the Copyright Catalog for films are readily available, or I wouldn't have to ask that.)

A few Warner cartoons--"Aloha Hooey," "Ding Dog Daddy"--have characters speaking in what seems to be Pinto Colvig's voice. Colvig <u>did</u> work for at least one studio besides Disney; he's cre-

dited in one of Max Fleischer's "Gabby" cartoons that I saw recently. Is this his voice in these Warner cartoons, or that of a good imitator.

Who directed a Warner cartoon called "Hare Remover"? All credits except those for the director are included. The unit is Robert McKimson's, but the finished cartoon looks a little more like the work of Frank Tashlin. I've been told that Friz Freleng may have directed it.

What exactly were the tenures of these Warner directors: Tex Avery, Frank Tashlin, Art Davis, Bob Clampett, Ben Hardaway.

Is "The Sheepish Wolf" considered the first Sheep Dog cartoon? It doesn't have much in common with the later cartoons (those shown on the Bugs Bunny network show), but the dog looks much the same as their omnipresent hero.

Who or what is the Warner character "Kiki"?

When did Hugh Harman and Rudolf Ising leave MGM? What did they do after that?

Who directed the following Warner cartoons (I can make educated guesses in some cases, but not all): Hasty Hare, You Were Never Duckier, Claws for Alarm, What's Up Doc, The Sheepish Wolf, The Foxy Duckling, Cross Country Detours, The Cagey Canary, Don't Look Now, Booby Hatched, Circus Today, Sioux Me, Dog Gone Cats, Wacky Wildlife, Busy Bakers, Tom Thumb in Trouble, Old Glory, A Tale of Two Mice, Double Chaser, The Cat's Tale, Aloha Hooey, Behind the Meat Ball, The Bashful Buzzard, Bug Parade, Johnny Smith and Poker-huntas, I wanna Be a Sailor, My Little Buckeroo, Fagin's Freshman, A Day at the Zoo, I Only Have Eyes for You, Count Me Out, The Fighting 69 1/2th, Little Dutch Plate, The Sneezing Weasel, Fox Pop, Crowing Pains, Rattled Rooster, Ain't We Got Fun, The Cat Came Back, Catch as Cats Can, Hop, Skip and Chump.

Ditto for these MGM cartoons: Bear Raid Warden, The Boy and the Wolf, Innertube Antics, The Hungry Wolf, The Uninvited Pest, The Tree Surgeon, The Unwelcome Guest.

I need the titles and directors for the following Warner cartoons: (1) A crow pursues a worm with a mustache, who takes refuge in an apple, then in a toothpaste tube, a phonograph, a toaster and a liquor bottle. (2) A father gives his daughter a baby duck that grows up to be Daffy, and drives the father wild (probably "Nasty Quacks"). (3) A quail and his daughter pursue a worm for her breakfast, in a parody of the "Baby Snooks" radio show (a Jones cartoon; title may be "Life With Feather"). (4) An anthology of gags (one of many such in the late '30s and early '40s) about fish, tied together by a professor's search for the Whim Wham Whistling Shark. (5) A cartoon that combines the Goldilocks and Red Riding Hood stories, with Goldilocks wandering into Grandma's house and finding the wolf there. (6) A Bob Clampett cartoon in which Daffy is pursued by an ax-wielding little man named Mister Meek.

Also: One of Avery's MGM cartoons in which Screwy Squirrel is taken home to be a playmate for a dog named Lenny, who looks like an oversized Droopy.

(In case anyone was wondering, the cartoons listed above, for which I want the directors' names, were shown for the most part as "Blue Ribbon" cartoons, with no credits, only the title.)

Anyone else seen the Gold Key TOP COMICS reprints? There've been at least two packages of them (five comics for 59 cents). They haven't appeared in Little Rock, but a guy I know found some in a nearby town. The one pack I've seen had those issues of WALT DISNEY'S COMICS, BEAGLE BOYS, TARZAN, TWEETY AND SYLVESTER and THREE STOOGES that appeared in May 1967, all reprinted with a new TOP COMICS logo and indicia ("TOP COMICS Walt Disney's COMICS AND STORIES No. 1") but with no other changes--even the ads are the same --and no date other than the copyright dates of the original comi mics. The two packages of which I've heard appeared in the spring of 1968. I want the package I'm missing for any Barks material that it may contain, since including all American Barks reprints in my bibliography. For that matter, if anyone knows of any other packages, please let me know. And does anyone know what Gold Key is up to?

For a time last fall, almost every letter I mailed had a Walt Disney commemorative stamp attached, and a lot of the letters I received bore the same. I wish now that I'd looked at those stamps more carefully. John Fawcett has sent me two articles from the S.P.A. JOURNAL, a stamp collectors' magazine, about errors in the printing of the Disney stamp. At least one full printing sheet, eight panes of 50 stamps each, was printed without the buff color, leaving the "Walt Disney" and "6 Cents" inscriptions missing. An unknown number of Disney stamps were printed with the black impression missing, so that they lack the "United States" inscription a and the shading in Disney's eyebrows, hair and mustache. The Disney stamp was not printed by the government, but by a private contractor. Missing colors are considered major errors by stamp collectors, which means that the messed-up Disney stamps are worth considerable money. Happy hunting.

This is already the longest issue of FUNNYWORLD by far, but I find that I have a pile of leftover material that I wanted to include... lots of short items, and a fairly lengthy piece inspired by seeing "Snow White" again this winter, when it somehow reappeared in one of our theaters. It'll keep until next issue, hopefully.

---MIKE BARRIER

This is the BAT BANDIT. He first appeared in the daily MICKEY MOUSE comic strip on May 9, 1934. Five years later...May 1939... the BATMAN was born. I wonder if that Walt Disney comic strip, in any way, inspired Bob Kane?

---JIM JONES